WEEK ENDING NOV. 8 1924

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Liberty

A W…ody

Sweet Lavender

JOSEPH FARRELLY

In this Issue: *The* VILLAGE LIAR *By* GEORGE ADE

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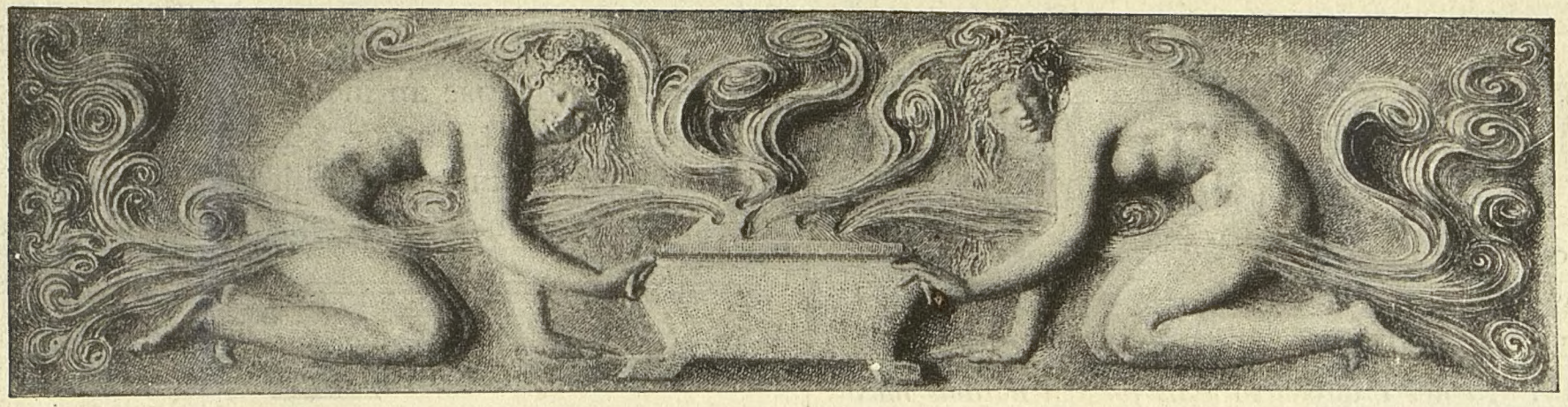

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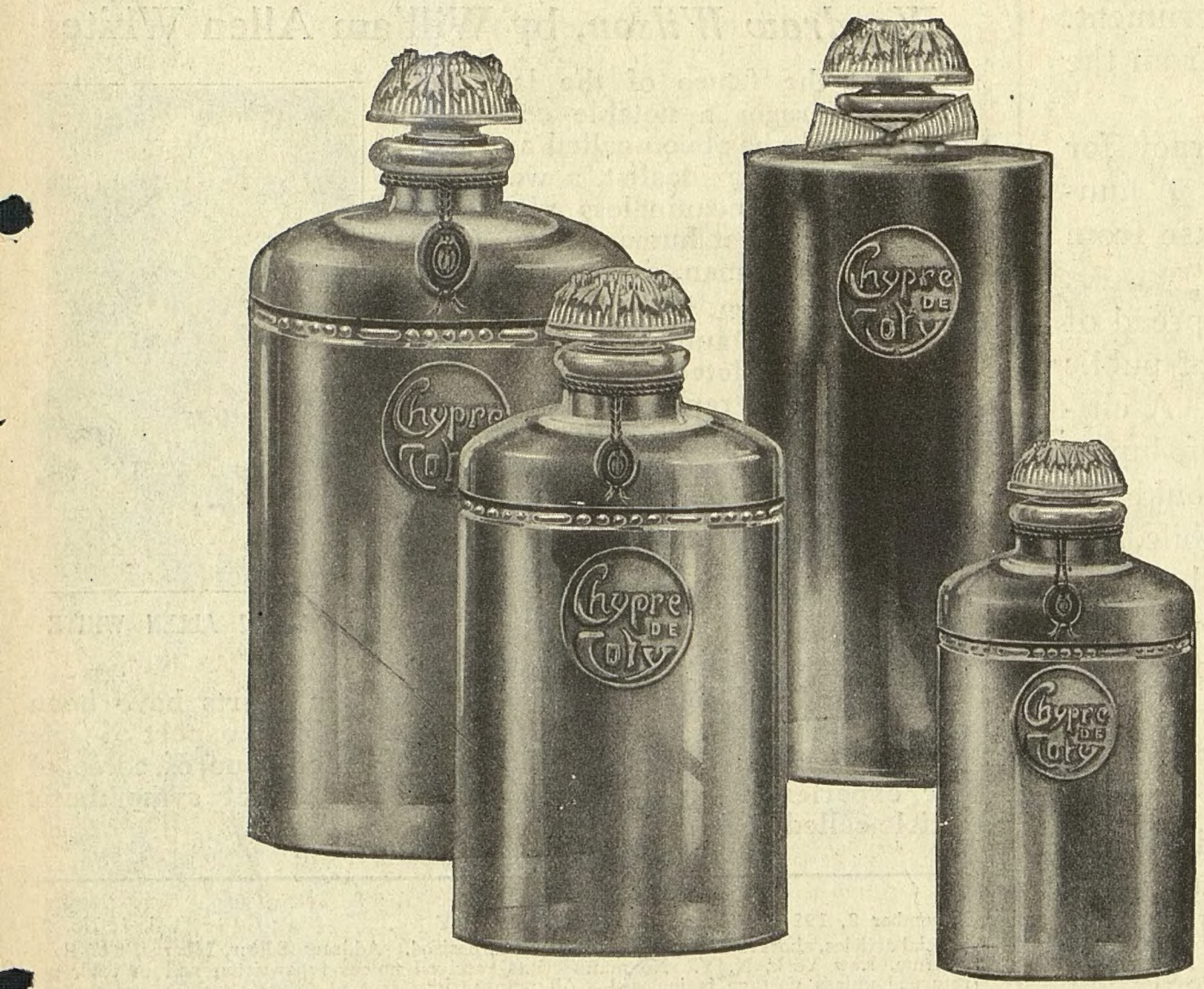

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Nov. 8, 1924

Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

COMPETENT GOVERNMENT

The founders of this republic did not believe that the constitution could have been drawn by any committee of any town meeting, that General Washington was the average man of tidewater Virginia, that Alexander Hamilton could have been found anywhere in New York, that any printer was Benjamin Franklin, or that any colonial that went to Paris would be Thomas Jefferson.

They would not have believed that because Abraham Lincoln split rails, any rail splitter was Abraham Lincoln, any more than they would have believed that because Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican any Corsican was Napoleon Bonaparte.

The equality of franchise was established, but the power of decision was delegated. It was a reasonable probability that the people could select intelligently men who could select a President for them. They could select men who could make their laws for them. That formed a republic of representative government. The electoral college was a living branch of the government. Even the methods of nomination were remote from the popular source of authority.

There was too much of aggressive democracy for this to continue in its original theory and form. A hundred years ago Andrew Jackson appealed his case from the caucus and the college to the people.

Since that time there has been increasing spread of the theory that right decisions in any matter of public concern are inherent in the people themselves. A citizen who would not try to shingle his own roof, buy a foot of ground without a lawyer's help, who could not shear a sheep, cure engine trouble in his automobile, and who tries to be competent in only one of the thousand necessary activities of normal life, is supposed to be an expert in judgment on men and policies remote from his experience and possible information.

The citizenship remains the source of authority, if the republic is to remain a democracy. If, when its responsibilities have been measured to its ability, it makes mistakes, they are the lesser evil. If a citizen could not decide whether he wanted Calvin Coolidge, John W. Davis, Robert La Follette, or Zack Foster, the republic would be ready for the pro-consul. But it does not follow that he ought to elect a Secretary of State, or of the Treasury, or of any department of government. Many wise citizens, desirous of preserving the realities of democracy, oppose an increase of its strain, recognizing that as its great danger. Their object is the short ballot, which promotes intelligent voting by bringing it within the probable information of the voter.

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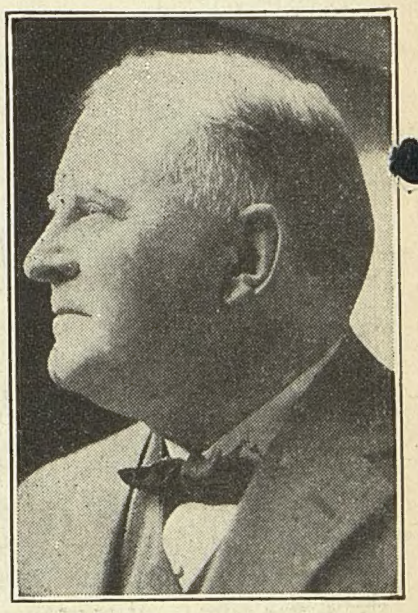
Cover Design by Joseph Farrelly

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Woodrow Wilson, by William Allen White

About the figure of the late War President rages a notable conflict of opinion. He has been called an egoist, an impracticable idealist, a weaver of resonant but meaningless phrases, a charlatan—a great humanitarian, a consummate statesman, a second Lincoln.

William Allen White, the famous Kansas editor, author, and publicist, has just completed two remarkably searching biographical articles on Woodrow Wilson, which reveal him in a novel, human, and intensely interesting light.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The first of these articles will appear in *Liberty's* next issue, where you will also find a sprightly contribution from Fannie Hurst entitled *Ain't Human Nature Human.*

Thousands of sighs from lonely, lovelorn hearts have been wafted to the desk of *Doris Blake,* love problem expert of The Chicago *Tribune,* who also tells in our next issue of some of her experiences in a delightfully humorous yet sympathetic article called *A Lovelorn Editor Tells the Truth.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Village Liar

A Pathetic Story of an Aftermath of the Great War—the Passing of the Small-Town Graybeards and Their Remarkable Yarns

By GEORGE ADE

Pictures by JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Uncle Wes would amplify the story and bring in long conversations involving himself and Cap Holliday.

George Ade, the great American humorist, and John T. McCutcheon, the great American cartoonist, both arrived in Chicago from Indiana at about the same time to embark upon newspaper careers. Later Mr. McCutcheon illustrated Mr. Ade's stories of Chicago life—precursors of the inimitable fables in slang. In the present article for Liberty they again collaborate as author and artist.

SOME THINGS can become prehistoric in a hurry, and one of the human contrivances now almost as remote as the stone axe is the "thrashing" machine that was operated by horse power. It was crude, bunglesome, and inefficient—an advance on the flail, but a long way behind the tractor and its gigantic companion. However, this is not an essay on grain separators. The horse-power thresher had to be mentioned by way of explaining that the horses tugged around and around in a beaten circle, generating power which was transmitted to the separator by a "tumbling rod" and a series of upright cog wheels.

One day, away back in the '70s, a crew in charge of a noisy horse-power outfit was struggling with an oats crop belonging to Nelse Prewett on the Montgomery place, two miles west of the Denny bridge.

At that time jug whisky was within the reach of all, and most of our influential citizens knew how to reach. The idea was that a man who wished to prepare himself for violent labor under a burning sun should load himself up with red hot spirits.

The practice of providing free liquor for everybody on the job helped to make the threshing season about the most animated period of the year. One of the drawbacks to the festive custom was that sometimes there would be as many as twelve or fifteen bosses on the job at one time.

Uncle Wes Dilfridge was one of those whose duties became more and more supervisory as the jug went around. He specialized on waving his arms and shouting orders. This day at Nelse Prewett's he was trying to make himself heard above the rattle-whang and guttural roar of the "thrashing" machine.

He was endeavoring to tell Roscoe Milliken to drive up with another load of sheaves, but Roscoe was asleep on his wagon, so Uncle Wes got a pitchfork and started for Roscoe with the intention of arousing him. He tried to step over the "tumbling rod," tripped up, and, before they could rescue him, the upright cogwheel arrangement had chewed a pound or two out of one leg.

That happened, on a guess, in 1877, and from that time until he ascended to his reward, about ten years ago, Uncle Wes walked with a limp.

Most of the residents in the secluded neighborhood knew that Uncle Wes limped because of injuries which resulted from a combination of hot weather, corn liquor, and "thrashing" machine. Some of the younger folks and those who had moved in would ask him how he came by the impediment in his walk.

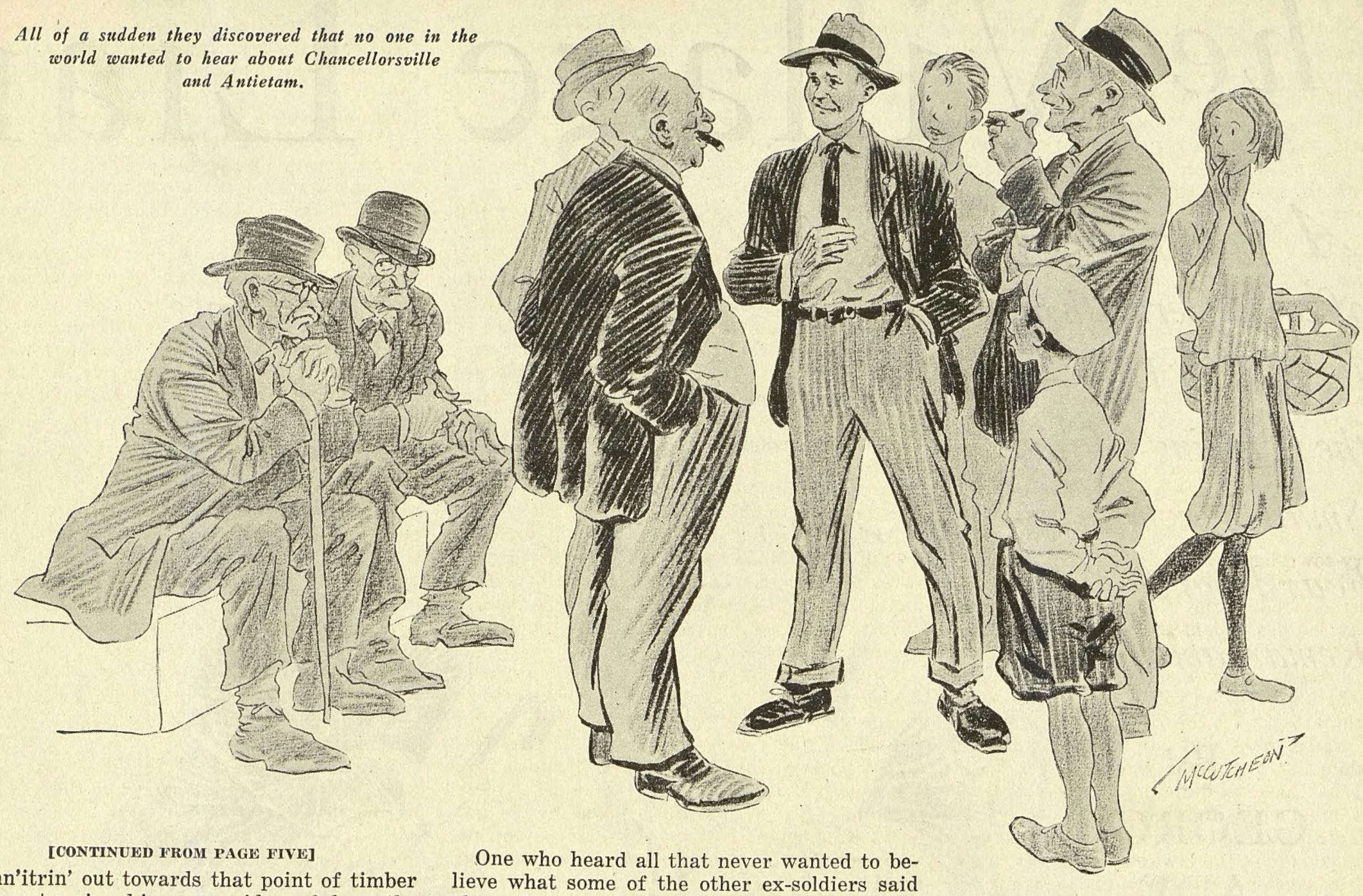
You could hardly expect a dignified veteran of the Civil War, still wearing a military mustache and goatee of the kind favored by cavalry officers, to admit that he got drunk and fell into a cogwheel. It was his wish to blur the painful episode and finally obliterate it altogether.

"IT happened durin' the lull between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge," Uncle Wes would explain, giving his leg a waggle to prove that it was still disabled. "We had the Johnny Rebs backin' up, but they was still full o' fight an' contestin' every inch. We didn't have time to put up any dog tents or cook much in the way of warm vittles.

"I think it was the second morning after the big battle on the mountain that I see old Colonel Foster come down our lines. We was squatted back of a knoll, expectin' to be called into action any minute. I see the colonel talkin' to Cap Holliday and purty soon an orderly come up to me an' says the colonel's looking for me.

"I went over and Cap says to me, 'Wes, General Hooker'—you know, 'Fightin' Joe' Hooker—he says, 'the general wants you to take two men of your own pickin' and do some

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



All of a sudden they discovered that no one in the world wanted to hear about Chancellorsville and Antietam.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

reconn'itrin' out towards that point of timber an' try to give him some idee of how the enemy's lines branch out from there. He thinks the artillery's wastin' a lot of fire. You've got to go across the ravine an' up that slope far enough to size up the lay of the land. I just told the colonel here that you'd do it if anybody could, so I want you to get two boys you can depend on and then go with the colonel over to headquarters an' have a talk with the general.'

"It didn't take me long to get a couple o' boys that I knew'd follow me anywhere I went.

"I'll never forget the way 'Fightin' Joe' sized me up. He says to me, 'You know what you're tacklin', don't you?' an' I says, 'I sure do.'

"He says, 'I'm sendin' three of you so there'll be a chance of *one* o' you gittin' back.'

"Two of us got through the ravine goin' out, but I was the only one to make the top o' the ridge. I worked my way back, close to the ground, havin' learned that from the Injuns, but I had to scoot through the open when I got to the ravine.

"The bullets was singin' all 'round me, kickin' up dust and fine stones. One went through my cap. I was within ten yards of our trenches when—spang! a Minié ball got me right in the fleshy part o' the leg and kind o' shattered the bones.

"After I got to the hospital the surgeons took out a couple o' pieces as big as your finger. They helped me over to 'Fightin' Joe's' tent and I told him what I seen. He listened and says, 'That changes my whole plan of battle.'

"I was propped up an' purty weak from the loss o' blood, but before they took me away I saluted and asked him, 'Will that be all for today, General?'

"He laughed and said, '—— —— —— ——, if we had a few more like you this war'd been over two years ago.'

"Well, ever since then I've walked a little lame."

One who heard all that never wanted to believe what some of the other ex-soldiers said about Uncle Wes: that he was drafted into the army, secured an inside clerical position with the commissary department, and never was under fire.

HIS story is submitted as an almost perfect example of store-box lying—an art which is being obscured by the speed and dust of modern progress. Probably it was a fabrication from beginning to end. Maybe Uncle Wes saw General Hooker once, at a distance.

The testimony to the effect that he never limped until after he tried to fight the "thrashing" machine seemed ample and conclusive, but, after a while, by general consent, everybody pretended to believe that story of heroic achievement in front of Missionary Ridge.

As skepticism evaporated and confidence increased after many renditions of the old favorite, Uncle Wes would amplify the story and bring in long conversations involving himself and Cap Holliday, himself and Colonel Foster, and, in great detail, himself and "Fightin' Joe" Hooker.

The story became almost a serial. It included descriptions of weather, topography, and vegetation. General Hooker finally began to address Private Dilfridge as "Wes." If the listeners were a seasoned lot, our hero would admit that he and the general had a drink together. And when he came back through the ravine the whole Southern Confederacy was shooting at him.

This fiction effort by Uncle Wes may be classified as the beneficial lie, as contrasted with sordid untruth or legal perjury. No one else was ever injured by lying which saved the reputation of a sensitive warrior, illuminated a page of history, deified a great military commander, and taught a lesson of patriotic sacrifice.

Uncle Wes wasn't a plain liar. He was an imaginative artist, not so far behind Robert Louis Stevenson and Sabatini. He taught the young to revere the flag and thrill at the sound of fife and drum. In his stories he simply dramatized his nobler intentions.

It is a mistake to assume that every liar mutilates the truth. An accomplished and useful liar manicures the truth, puts embroidery on it, and makes it ten times more attractive than when it came into existence as a mere naked fact.

THE small town liar has done more than any other one institution to make life endurable at somnolent whistling posts. He was the movie of an earlier day.

He showed to the sluggish villagers a gallant gentleman receiving, with cautious dignity, the coy advances of a beautiful creature who was small at the waist but bulging everywhere else.

He hung before the vision of the yokels a picture of a trapper in buckskin standing before a council of Indian chiefs and defying the savages at their very camp fire.

He took them on grizzly bear hunts and led them to lonely lakes in the far-away woods, where the fish were so numerous that they had to wriggle up on the bank in order to fully extend their fins and take a full breath.

The fact that the village liar made himself the central figure in every throbbing narrative should not be held against him. He supplied the personal touch which is the paprika of romance.

Undoubtedly this picturesque benefactor is losing his hold on the American listener. The audiences are becoming restless. Too much competition in the way of acrobatic screen dramas and ragtime radios. And the subject matter is playing out.

From 1864 to 1914, just fifty years, the Civil War was the largest event within the memory of living mortals. During those years every township had a group of vets who dwelt, in

fond repetition, on skirmishes and bivouacs and bloody charges. These old boys had been through it, and they were as uncontradictable as the United States Supreme Court.

Then along came the War of the Ages and put them out of business. The Belgians were not the chief sufferers when the Germans began their crashing advance. The real victims were the graybeards out under the soft maples. All of a sudden they discovered that no one in the world wanted to hear about Chancellorsville and Antietam.

WHEN we were boys in these little towns which are strung like beads on the straight-away railway lines of the corn belt every bunch of houses had a few old settlers who had trapped mink and otter right where the court-house stands. They were hold-overs of the Daniel Boone type—mighty hunters and fishers. Some of them could remember the Indians, and the older they grew the more vivid became the memories.

Every town had a few returned adventurers who had tasted alkali on the great plains and prospected around the Rockies. They were probably the best talent we had when it came to inventing, inflating, elaborating, and coloring up. Even the war stories sounded tame beside the high-tension yarns which dealt with midnight attacks by the Sioux, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires, and gun battles in Dodge City when Bat Masterson was in flower.

Most of these ex-desperadoes wore straw-colored mustaches and had never, at home, done anything more exciting than milk a cow, but, out yonder in the lawless West, you could hardly believe the way they had carried on with Bill Cody and Bill Hickok.

They had laid aside their shooting irons and promised their wives not to do any more killing, but they were not averse to answering questions as to early conditions in the cattle country and along the Santa Fé trail, and if no one asked any questions they would come through with a few obbligatos anyhow, just to be sociable.

THE village liar was at perihelion before the small centers of population became citified. Nowadays the provincial prevaricator can brag about his golf game or the speed of his car, but if he tells about slapping Arizona Pete in the face because of an insult to a defenseless girl in a dance hall the story simply flops and fails to go over. It curls up and lies cold because everyone knows that he never was away from home except to attend the business college at Logansport.

The liar of thirty years ago could make his romances stand up because no one could prove that he never had been in Cripple Creek.

And there were sheiks in those days, too! Usually small men with badly adjusted features and not one visible trademark of a Don Juan, and yet, according to their own admissions, they never had failed to step out when the tempting was good.

The harness-maker, who couldn't have been a Valentino even to his doting mother, couldn't get on a train to go to Chicago without being flagged by some reckless widow. The confessions of any gallant of this type included passages such as the following:

Sample No. 1—"A purty good looker got on at Kankakee. I was readin' an' paying no attention, but she kep' on lookin' at me, and finally——"

Sample No. 2—"'Now, look here, little girl,' I says, 'you don't know me very well an' there's no sense in you givin' me this jewelry.' 'No,' she says, 'I want you to have it because I know a real fellow when I meet him,'" etc., etc.

Sample No. 3—"I see I was up against it, an' I turned to her an' says, 'Why didn't you tell me you was a married woman?' She said she was afraid I wouldn't have anything to do with her. It's certainly hard to account," etc., etc.

The recitals of the Main Street *roués* who attended burlesque shows when they were in the city and came home full of sly allusions to high-kickers (near-devils, you might call them) never had the merit or wholesome flavor of the war stories, or the border dramas, or the tales of the great outdoors which involved aborigines and wild animals.

PROBABLY every lie should be judged by what the picture producers call "entertainment values," and no entertaining lie should be condemned unless it has a selfish motive behind it.

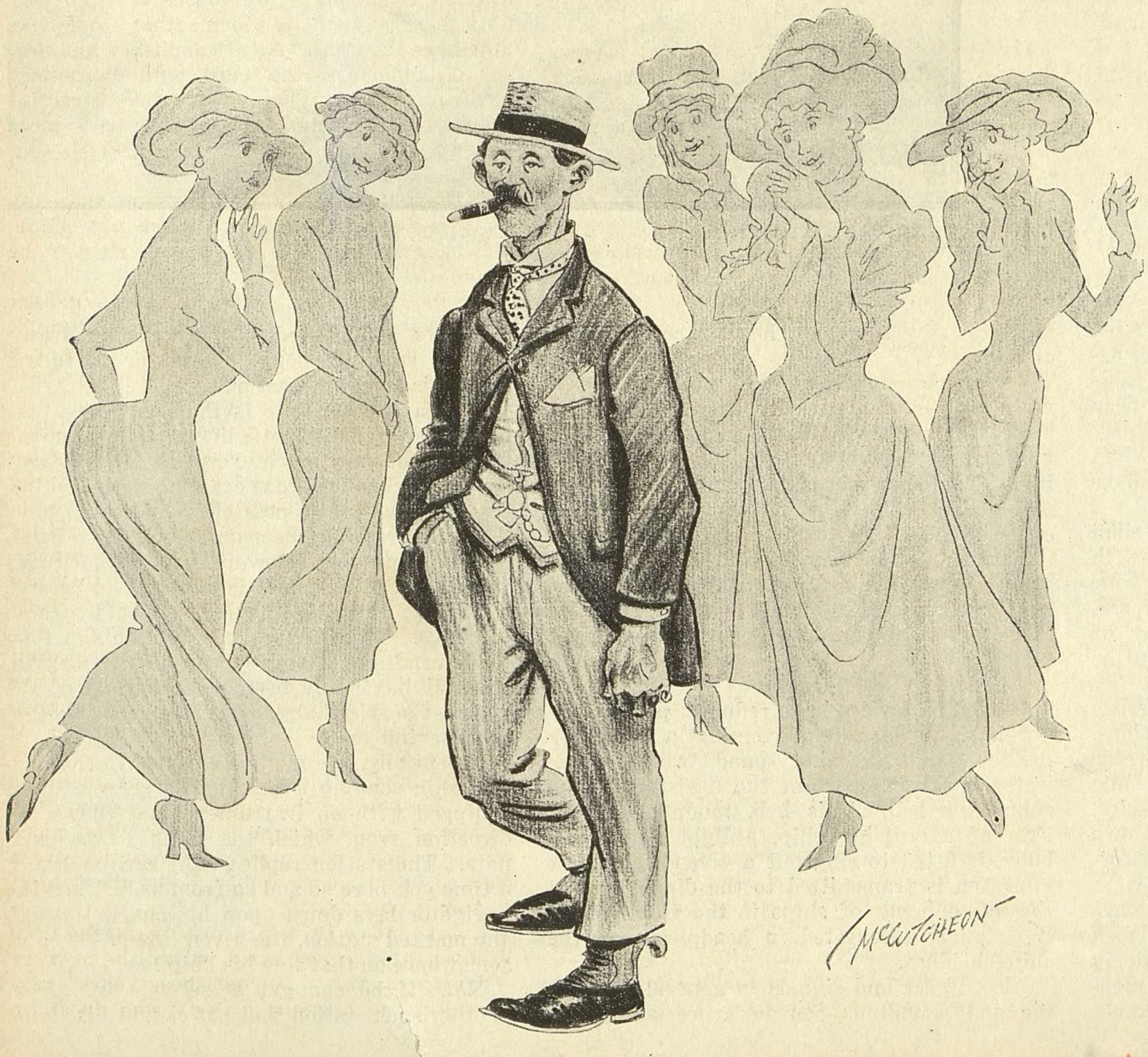
When Rufe Padgett used to tell about hooking the giant catfish in the Iroquois and being pulled upstream so fast that the bottom of the boat got warm he didn't expect anybody to believe all the details. As *Pooh-Bah* says in The Mikado, "Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."

We can never think of the village liar as one who violated an important commandment. Rather let us remember him as a minstrel without a lute, an honored contemporary of Lewis Carroll and Hans Christian Andersen, a beacon light glowing in a foggy lowland, a dynamic soul that sparked and snapped in a region which otherwise would have been dull and silent.

Looking back, it would seem that our most useful citizens were the most prodigious manufacturers of much from nothing. The sum total of their efforts was the largest social asset of a lonesome community. Each one of them should have an epitaph urging him to lie in peace, as heretofore.

Somewhere they are sitting on a compact cloud telling the angels that 1924 hasn't been such a cold and wet year down on the earth—that is, to one who can remember what weather used to be. In 1867, for instance, on the morning of August 3, Ez Jessup had to break the ice in the horse trough. The angels will appear to believe it. Otherwise they wouldn't be angels.

THE END



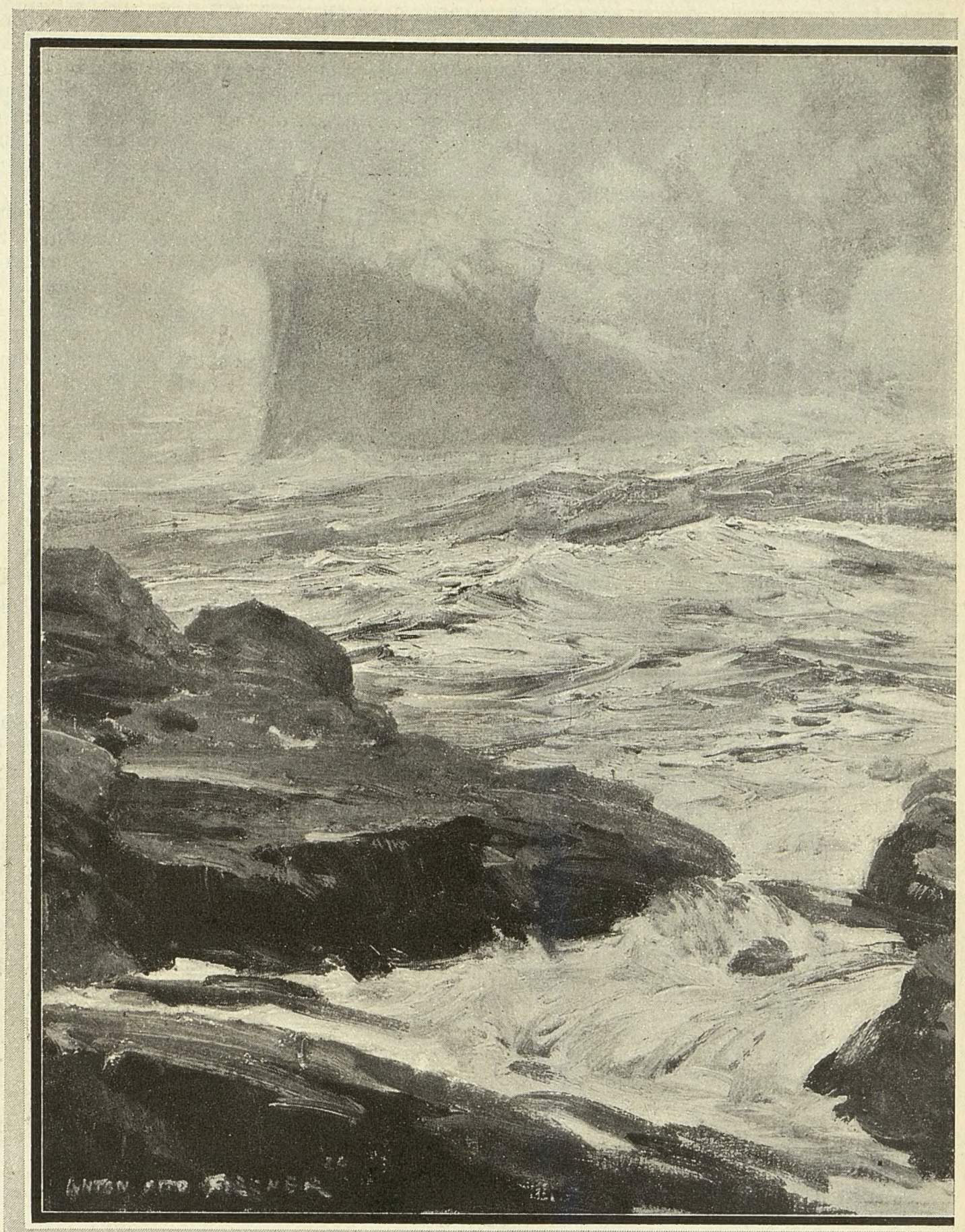
And there were sheiks in those days, too! Usually small men with badly adjusted features and not one visible trademark of a Don Juan, and yet, according to their own admissions, they never had failed to step out when the tempting was good.

FOG —*The* CURSE *of the* SEA

STEEL Ships, Radio, and Science Have Conquered the Gale and the Rocky Coast—But the Clammy Gray Monster of the Deep Is Still Untamed

By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

Pictures by
ANTON OTTO FISCHER



NAVIGATION in a fog. Practically since the days of Noah seamen have discussed that question. Some authorities have declared for higher speed, because it means passing quickly through the fog; others have been just as firm for lower speed, because it may mean less damage in case of collision. Not even the International Rules of the Road have been able to settle this point.

The rules merely prescribe that a vessel shall use "moderate" speed and "maneuver with caution"—terms which leave a pretty wide margin for judgment. But sailor men and rules alike agree that, of all experiences of the sea, fog is the trickiest, the most to be dreaded, the worst.

Caused by temperature and pressure changes and general atmospheric conditions, it is often so unexpected. A breath of breeze may bring it down in a gray shroud, to hide the course ahead, the sea room on both sides, perhaps even the bow of the captain's own ship as he stands on the bridge and peers forward.

Especially in inland waters, where ships are many, the captain is like a man who, when driving a taxicab through traffic, is suddenly stricken blind. He knows that dangers menace him; what he cannot do more than guess at is the direction and the distance of those dangers.

That rapid pounding of a ship's bell means a vessel at anchor—but just where does she lie? That single whistle blast, at intervals of a minute, is a ship under way—how is she heading? That long blast followed by two short ones means a tow—which way is she bound and where does the towline stretch?

The captain must consider all these problems at once, guess the answers to them, and guess correctly or come to almost certain grief. He cannot afford to be taken by surprise—and yet he often is.

MODERN devices have reduced, perhaps by half, the dangers of running in a fog. For instance, the fact that sound travels under water has been used in the devising of the submarine bell. This bell, mounted on the skin of a cruising ship, a light ship, or a buoy, is fitted to ring out a given signal; its vibration is transmitted to the diaphragm in the microphones of ships in the vicinity and the signal is repeated in headpieces on the ships' bridges.

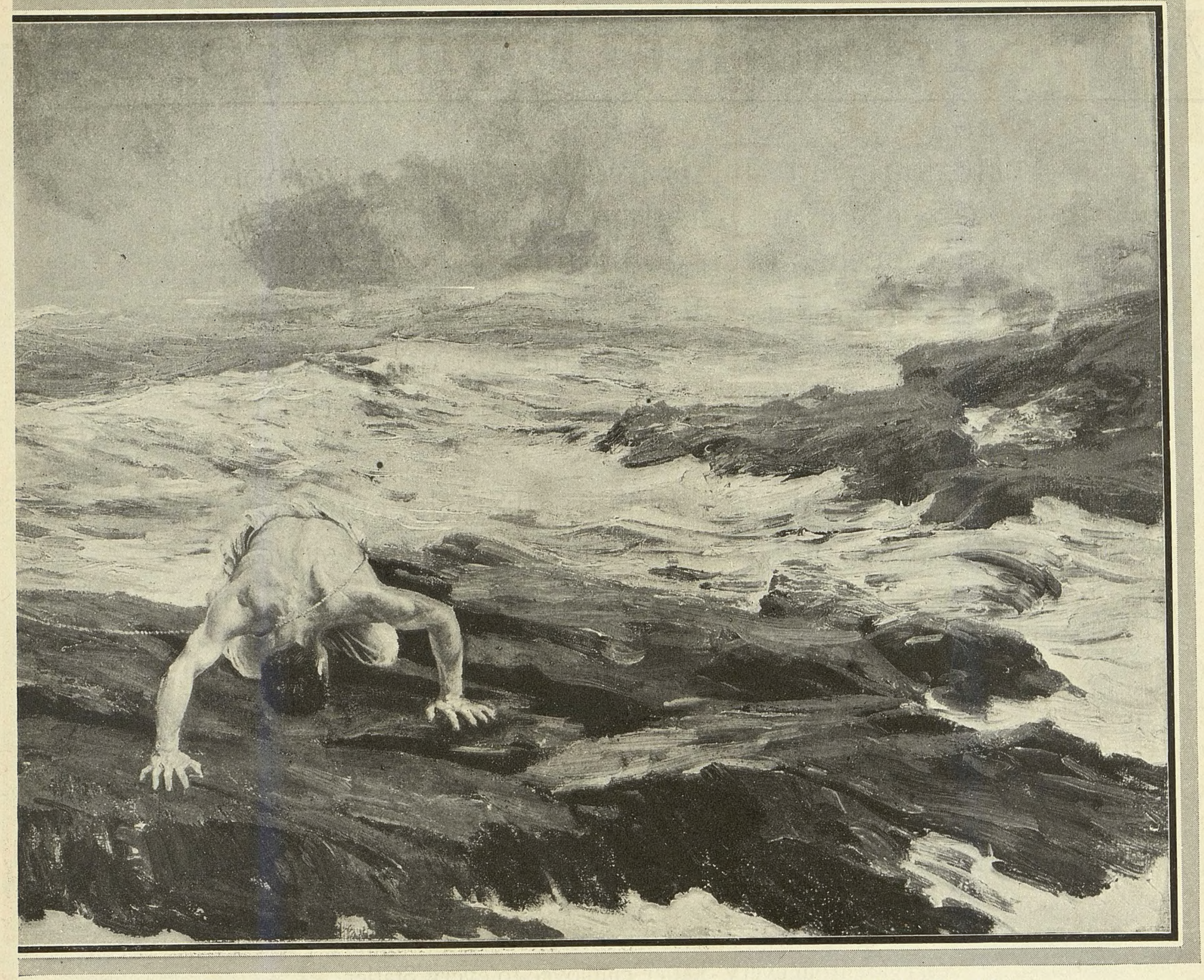
Also, lights and signals in general are better and soundings can be more accurately measured and plotted on more exactly drawn charts; running along a coast or in inland waters is somewhat safer.

At sea another help is the knowledge that the larger trans-Atlantic liners run on courses that do not vary much except at the different seasons. Smaller steamers and sailing ships, therefore, as far as possible, avoid these liner "lanes," crossing them quickly if they must, otherwise passing below or above the latitudes in which a big steamer is most apt to be met.

Finally, there is the help given by radio bearings. There is no doubt that this method of determining a ship's position in fog will, when it has really been perfected, be of the greatest service; already it has been credited with saving many a ship.

Essentially, the method consists in the puzzled ship sending a signal to a shore station equipped with an instrument that shows the direction from which the radio waves emanate. The station replies, "At such and such a time you bore so and so from us." Then the navigator lays down upon his chart, through the marked station, the given line of bearing; somewhere on that line his ship lies.

Now, if he can get a second line from another such station that has caught his signal



All seven were totally wrecked and nothing but discipline and heroism prevented an appalling loss of lives.

at the same instant, he has, obviously, an intersection or "fix." Thus, for entering New York Harbor, Fire Island and Sandy Hook could be so used, and a series of these fixes, taken at intervals of, say, fifteen minutes, will show whether the ship is "making good her course"—that is, whether she is running where she wants to run.

But there have been mistakes in these bearings. Sometimes two or more of them seem to check nicely, only to have the next, due to one error or another, place the ship at a point miles away in any direction. Navigators would be more than human if they did not remember these errors and so remain still a little skeptical of the instruments.

TAKE that column of United States destroyers, slipping southward through a dense fog on the west coast of California, looking for port. They were making twenty knots, doubtless on the theory of "get it over with," and they were depending upon "dead reckoning," that course-steered-and-distance-run method on which the navigator must rely when he cannot get observations.

They knew their engines, and they knew their compasses. When a radio bearing was sent out to them—only one bearing, because there was only one station—they thought, on the leading destroyer, that there was good reason to mistrust that bearing and take, instead, the dead reckoning which put them considerably to the southward.

The squadron commander and his navigator decided that they had passed the dangerous reefs; it was time to change course to the eastward. They blew their whistle and swung their helm, with the whole column tailing obediently in behind them. A short run on the new course and the roar of breakers thundered into their ears.

Some stopped, some sheered to starboard or to port, and most of them backed furiously—too late.

One by one, as if it were a tactical evolution, seven of them flung themselves crashing and pounding upon the long, ragged teeth of the very reef they had planned to escape; all seven were totally wrecked and nothing but discipline and heroism prevented an appalling loss of lives.

A bearing from a second station might have given a "fix" which would have prevented that disaster and such a station is, or soon will be, in operation on Catalina Island. But this will not bring back the ships and men who perished behind that cold, wet, gray curtain of fog.

No man can tell where a fog will be, or what shape it will take—not even those famous "barking dog" navigators who claimed they knew when they passed a certain headland, even without seeing it, because they recognized the voice of old Widow Green's Newfoundland!

Fog may be on both sides and overhead—"soupy" everywhere; it may be in a bank thicker to starboard than it is to port; it may be too low to see under yet not high enough to blot out other mastheads. Again, it may be relatively dry or fairly saturated with rain; it may have open "holes" in it or be practically solid. But, whatever its particular peculiarities at the moment, it is still fog, to be greeted with one curse and dismissed at last with another.

LOW banks—or strips—sometimes bring about odd events.

One morning during the last war a British patrol vessel was on her beat, her captain "grousing" because the fog, lying low instead of high, would keep him from seeing his law-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

What Is Statler Trying To Do?

He is trying, in his five hotels, to make hotel service better and better, and always better. That is what he has been doing for eighteen years.

He is trying to eliminate perfunctory service, ungracious service, every kind of unsatisfactory or non-satisfactory service, from *any* Statler employee to *any* Statler guest.

He is trying to build up, in all Statler employees, a realization of the literal fact that *good service to guests* is the one and only way to success for anybody in this organization.

He has made progress, year by year, along these lines. He never expects to make humanly-rendered service 100% perfect, 100% of the time. But *he does guarantee your satisfaction,* in these terms:

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We guarantee courteous, interested and helpful service from every Statler employee to every Statler guest; but should you, at any time, fail to get such service, and should the local management fail to satisfy you, I myself will undertake to do so.

E. M. Statler

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Hotels Statler Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

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Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

ful prey—the submarine. Slowly he steamed on and suddenly his lookouts saw above the fog the topmasts of a sailing vessel apparently not making any headway. Now why, thought the captain, should she be stopped in mid-ocean?

He headed in that direction, edging foot by foot through the fog. When he poked his nose into the hole where the sailing ship lay, there—most comfortably tied up under the bow, with officers smoking unconcernedly in the open hatch and crew looting away at their leisure—was the U-boat, the very enemy for which the patrol vessel had been vainly searching. Too late for a crash dive then, too late even to bring the sub's gun to bear; the Britisher's ram was right on top of her and the underseas craft and her crew were an easy and a handsome prize.

Occasionally the fog is the "ill wind" of the proverb, but in the vast majority of cases fog profits nobody.

Fog holds up the international mails; it comes down, cold and hideous, to hide the lurking iceberg with the biggest of its bulk under shadowy water; it deadens sound in one direction, only to amplify it in another, making fog signals deceptive to straining ears on ships' bridges; it upsets business by delaying passengers; and it makes one light appear where another is expected.

Within a few hours of the end of 1918 a splendid ship was making her swift way westward, bound for New York. She was the Northern Pacific, built as a merchantman but at that time a transport with a record for quick "turn around" in Brest and a reputation as the best ship in which to come home from the war.

Four thousand troops were aboard, some seventeen hundred of them either stumbling about on crutches or stretched in narrow iron bunks below. To every man on board had come the high hope of reaching port by New Year's Day—perhaps of arriving in time for that big dinner with the family and that glorious yarn of "how we did it, over there."

THE captain and the crew shared the general spirit of the occasion. Under that impulse the ship "cracked on" a knot or two, thrust her stem through each succeeding sea, and drew ever nearer to harbor.

"Home for New Year's!" was the word that passed up one deck and down another, from flying bridge to fireroom floor plates. And then—down fell the fog.

On came the Northern Pacific. The officers knew, or thought they knew, just where she was upon the chart. There, in the dim distance, lay Fire Island—called that, it is said, because of the beacon fires that were set flaming upon it to guide the westbound sailor in the days when lighthouses were primitive—a spot which shares with the Goodwin Sands of England the title "Cemetery of the Sea." And that dull light close at hand to the northward was the lightship, of course.

Guesswork it is—and this time it was a bad guess. With her safe port and her comfortable dock only a few hours away, with her crew and passengers filled with dreams of home, the Northern Pacific, in the middle of that last night out, drove hard upon the shoal. What she had taken for the light vessel was the light on the island; she was inside the bad water, not outside it, where she belonged.

USELESS to try to back off, her engines only ground her deeper, thrusting her into the sand until she brought up "all standing"—ten thousand tons of beautiful ship and four thousand men whose hearts went down like the sounding leads flung over to find any water there might be under her, to locate the treacherous reef about to rip the bottom out of her.

The air filled with radio calls. Tugs, destroyers, and all other craft in the vicinity headed for the spot. Along the beach a score of fires leaped up; a hundred men of the coast guard rushed to their posts; Red Cross nurses within call flung their capes over their heads and plunged into the night.

Then down swept the wind, to tear away the fog after the damage was done and show the anxious searchers where the ship lay, a close prisoner in all her slim five hundred feet.

There was no panic. Both aboard ship and ashore, countless brave bits of work were recorded that night. Lifeboats were launched, only to be turned back by the mounting surf, lashed by the growing gale; half a dozen efforts to run the breeches buoy failed before one at last succeeded.

For three days of foul weather the destroyers and tugs stood by, watching for a chance to get alongside the ship, now fortunately swung a little so as not to be broadside to the wind and sea, but driving always deeper into the shoal—her drain pipes choked with drifting sand to make her sanitary conditions hourly worse, her fresh food running low, and her wounded longing for port.

Not a man was lost. At the end of the fight all the troops had come ashore over the buoy lines or, with the wounded, had been taken off in small craft which finally battered their way alongside and held on long enough to get a human load. In the end the ship herself was hauled off—but her record was gone—spoiled forever by the fog.

HISTORY is full of accounts of the offshore fishermen, those salty, hardened fellows who literally drag out a bare living from the foggy, dismal Grand Banks. With the dories scattered for miles around the home schooner, some of them nearly loaded, some searching wearily for a profitable school, the fog seizes its opportunity to fall mercilessly upon them all.

Instantly the schooner's horn begins its raucous bellow; instantly neighboring dory crews hail one another in hoarse but muffled voices; instantly, perhaps at the very moment when a good catch was almost in hand, the drag must be abandoned while men snatch at their oars and try to guess where the ship was lying when they last looked at her.

It is but a few months since the big liner France happened upon two such dorymen. For six days they had not seen their ship, in which, as it chanced, their whole savings had been invested on shares. For six days they had been pulling now this way, now that, in frenzied effort to cross the bow of some ship the lights of which had been made out after the fog lifted, only to disappear unconcernedly over the horizon because the lookouts had not seen the tiny dory on the wide waste of sea.

Four of those days had been spent with nothing to eat or drink, with only brine for water and the knawed edge of the gunwale for food; with nothing but the torn shreds of a last hard held hope to keep the two men alive until the France happened to sight them. Then, for this pair, trouble was over, but they serve as an illustration of scores of their brothers who disappear in the fog and never come out.

With the dories scattered for miles around the home schooner, some of them nearly loaded, some searching wearily for a profitable school, the fog seizes its opportunity to fall mercilessly upon them all.

Fog ashore is not necessarily unpleasant; even the famous London variety need not be menacing.

But fog at sea is lonely, and ugly; it is a clammy hand laid upon the heart of the sailor, to bring a shiver of recollection, recalling past horrors; it is a foul mask before the faces of the smiling sun or the kindly stars; and too often, for ships and men, it is a final winding shroud.

THE END

BABES *in* HOLLYWOOD

I.

EUSTACE DE REAMER looked at his wrist watch. It was twenty-five minutes to nine. He glanced apprehensively back along the road and then pressed down the accelerator, crowding the three active cylinders of the complaining motor to a speed well over thirty miles per hour. He could at least be on time at the studio even if he mightn't be of much value after his arrival.

His thoughts raced with that pathetic little motor. They dwelt, these thoughts, on the softly pretty face and the fresh loveliness of Beulah Beattie wistfully, for she, though always gentle, was a star and as far beyond his unassertive desire as those other stars that hung unseen millions of miles above the stark blue of the sky above him.

And finally, as at first, as always in the back of his nervously sensitive mind, he thought about Isadore Fish.

The imposing white buildings of the Super-Masterpiece lot were at hand. He drove into the field opposite and locked his car, for he was a careful soul. Then for a moment he stood looking at the car. It was absurdly little. But there were still three installments to be paid on it. And until he could make sure of his job, which meant doing *something* about or to Isadore Fish . . . He was muttering as he turned to cross the road and enter those closely guarded iron gates. "Got to be a showdown! Got to be a showdown!"

"Oh, Mr. De Reamer!" called the gateman. Our Eustace turned in his uncomfortably assumed dignity.

"Mr. Gerdok wants to see you before you go out in the lot."

So! Very well! It was coming at last! Just as well that he hadn't moved to buy a real car. For Abe Gerdok was managing director of the Super-Masterpiece Corporation.

Eustace hurried up the stairs to his own coop of an office. It seemed to him no fit place for an art director. But then, he probably wouldn't be one any longer. He glanced down at his neatly fitting and summery suit of striped silk. A lavender suit. A glance at the little mirror over the corner washstand assured him that his purple tie was knotted in a perfect loose bow. His Panama hat was spotless. At least, he reflected unhappily, he looked his part. That, if nothing more.

Jimmy Weston looked in at the door to say that the new scenes for The Passionate Heart continuity would be ready by noon. Frank Armstruther, the director, was in a storming hurry for them. Jimmy was an anxious young worker in the scenario department and Eustace's only friend in Hollywood.

"I'm called on the carpet," said Eustace, unsuccessfully aiming at a smile.

"No! When?"

"Right now. The gateman told me."

"Well. . . ." Jimmy felt that he'd better try to be cheerful . . . "maybe it's nothing serious."

"I'd like to know what I can do. It's that Izzy Fish! He's out to show me up."

"He's pretty strong."

"I know it, but——"

They had been over this ground before. It led to nothing. Eustace took off his horn rimmed spectacles, breathed on them, and wiped them with his handkerchief of purple silk. This to compose his shaking nerves. Then, with a set face, he marched down the stairs, hardly hearing Jimmy's weak "Good luck!"

The pretty secretary said, "Mr. Gerdok will see you at once, Mr. De Reamer."

Eustace opened the door of Circassian walnut and stepped within. Mr. Gerdok stood by the marble mantelpiece at the farther end of the spacious room, smiling. He always smiled at first.

"Come in," he said. "Sit down."

Eustace dropped languidly into an upholstered armchair by the flat mahogany desk.

"Frank Armstruther tells me that you never have the sets ready on time. I hear this, too, from Bert Hunnewell. Now, Mr. De Reamer, your work is beautiful, but you know what is overhead."

"Yes, I know." There was no good in saying more.

"You know that it is for Frank Armstruther on this picture nine hundred dollars an hour?"

"I knew it was something like that."

"You know, Mr. De Reamer, that if Frank waits fifteen minutes, twenty-five minutes, be-

THERE Comes a Time in the Life of Every Man When He Must Fight, Whether or No. This Love Story Tells of Such a Crisis in the Career of a Movie Art Director

Now he had him . . . Each impact of that bullet skull against the floor sounded clearly above the suppressed roar of the little crowd.

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Pictures by GAYLE HOSKINS

fore the set is ready, it is at once three hundred, five hundred dollars. You know we got to pay that?" The little man was gathering himself for the charge. "You know that Frank cannot make a great picture, a Super-Masterpiece picture, if he must stand and twiddle his thumbs while a chair is finished and a picture is hung?

"I tell you, Mr. De Reamer, it is the work of genius to make a great picture! Super-Masterpiece is like a beautiful clock. I am the mainspring. My carpenters and electricians and property men are the cog wheels. My accounting department is the governor. My publicity men are the Westminster chime. My directors are the hands that tell the time to the whole world. And you are the beautiful dial. But how can the whole works tell the time if there is no beautiful dial behind the hands! Isn't it?" With which he came rushing across the desk, banged it thrice with a pudgy fist, and glared down at his art director in a glow of rhetorical triumph.

That extremely uncomfortable young man nearly replied, "By the Westminster chime, I suppose," but caught himself. It wouldn't do. Grotesque little Abe was, after all, the big boss.

"Isadore Fish keeps delaying me with the properties," he managed to say, lamely.

"So! I have talked with Fish. He tells me that he does not have from you the drawing in time."

Eustace squirmed in his chair. Though no business man, he knew that raising a question of veracity woud get him nowhere. Abe Gerdok wanted an art director who could get things done without excuses.

Abe was speaking again.

"I won't keep you now any longer, De Reamer. But these properties have got to be ready. You can see yourself it is like this."

Well, he wasn't fired yet. He walked out across the carefully tended grass plot to the first of the huge, housed-in stages. Four companies, he knew, were at work in there.

Walking on in desperate firmness, he arrived at Frank Armstruther's set, and there, as he had feared and dreaded and surely known, stood Isadore Fish, directing the exasperatingly deliberate property men as they moved a model stand into place, laid a run on it, and set a great Gothic chair on that. Armstruther turned at last, folded his arms, and without a good morning uttered the single word, "Well?"

Eustace stood a moment in blank helplessness. The set seemed to be full of eyes. Penetrating hostile eyes. Not a friend here. Oh, excepting Beulah, who sat high above the world and was nice to everybody. And, of course, Jane Jewell. But Jane was little more than an extra girl. They met often at the hotel, Jane and he. She had a likable, boyishly chummy quality, and a drawling contralto voice. And like himself she was fighting for a foothold.

Hartleigh Greene was playing the hero in The Passionate Heart. He sauntered over to Beulah Beattie and laid a familiar hand on her bare shoulder. Eustace could have struck the man. He had an evil reputation in this difficult matter of young girls. But she couldn't know. And in this picture he kissed her repeatedly. Eustace winced at the thought.

EUSTACE nerved himself and moved forward, deliberately, toward the chief property man. That much his will did for him, but his knees were unsteady and a faint suggestion of nausea touched his midriff.

White, thin-lipped, with emotion clouding his voice, Eustace said:

"My instructions were to have this set ready at a quarter of nine."

"I'm not interested in your instructions,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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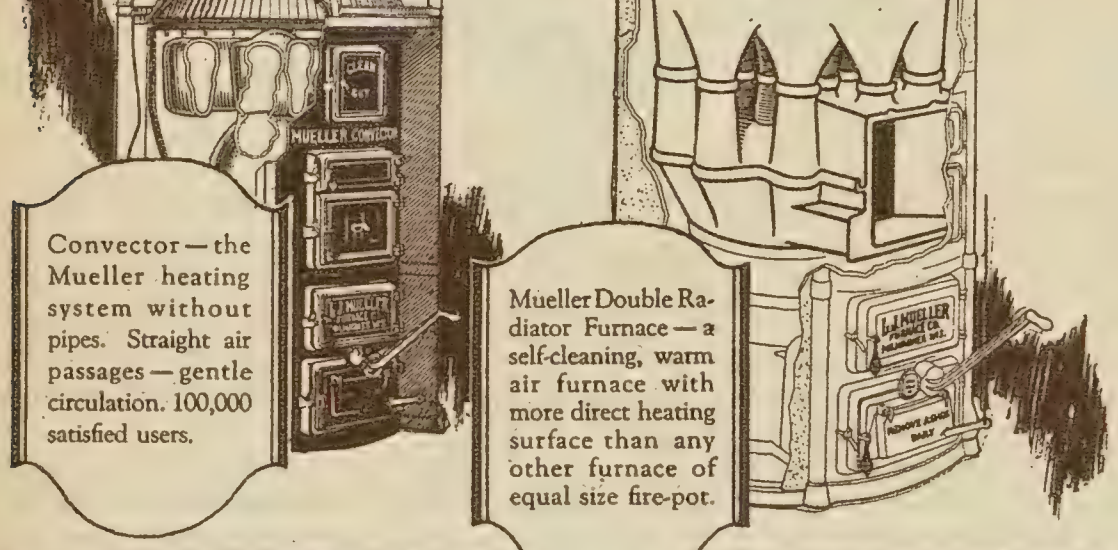

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

my boy. What I want is your drawings."

"You had the drawings in plenty of time, and you know it."

But Fish turned away. Once again Eustace was beaten. He might leap after him and strike. But he didn't; instead he, too, turned away. And at last Armstruther's violinist, a pretty girl . . . he, too, would have beauty about to sustain his creative gift . . . joined the reverberating cacophony of the building, and the day's work was on.

Eustace lingered unhappily behind the cameras. A soft contralto voice at his side said, "Good morning." He turned with a start and found little Jane Jewell there.

Her quick, practical eyes took in his forlorn countenance.

"They're making it pretty hard for you," she murmured.

"Well"—he bit his under lip—"well, I don't mind telling you, Jane, confidentially, that I'm going to do something about it. I'm about ready to strike. I'm that way. Slow to get going, but pretty sure. I'm dogged, like England. England always wins the last battle."

As his lips framed the words he wondered dispiritedly if they were true. It seemed to him that Jane glanced up admiringly. That was something.

He went back to his office. There was a press of work. Doggedly he went through with the business, fighting off a sense of unreality that lay like a fog on his brain. The only clear mental picture that presented itself all day was the lovely fresh face and the gentle smile of Beulah Beattie. In a curious way the trouble centered about her. A few times he had danced with her; once at the Sunset Inn, when she had been dining there with Hartleigh Greene (he had tried in a futile bitterness to understand that), and at the Thursday evening hotel parties in Hollywood.

It was in this mood that he did the things he did.

First came the little scene with Beulah. Though it was no little scene to him. They were coming off the set at the end of the day. And he went at it as if it were the one thing in his mind, went directly to Beulah and spoke softly but distinctly. What his somewhat breathy voice said was:

"I was wondering if you mightn't enjoy running into the Ambassador for dinner." And then he added, defensively, but quite as if he had planned it all out, "I'll put up my car and get a sedan from the garage." And then he stood, oddly out of breath and a little frightened.

But she didn't seem to think his manner strange. She didn't even look surprised. He forgot, if he had ever observed, the not insignificant characteristic that nothing ever brought surprise to Beulah's innocently young and lovely face.

"I'd love to," she replied. He felt a caress in her voice. "But I have an engagement this evening. I'm sorry."

"Perhaps tomorrow evening," he pressed on. "I—I want to talk with you particularly." He needn't have said just that. Heaven knew it was not yet the time to talk particularly with this great personage who was yet so wonderfully and softly a little girl.

"I'm not sure," she replied, after a moment's thought. "I'll see if I can arrange it. You know mother goes nearly everywhere with me."

"You'll let me know tomorrow?"

She inclined her golden head and was gone to her dressing room. It occurred to him then that he should have promptly included her mother. He'd been a little thick about that. Why, anyway, couldn't he be more resourceful with girls? He pondered this.

JANE JEWELL was walking across the grass plot to the crowded dressing rooms of the lesser folk of the studio. She heard Eustace's step and turned. She said, "Hello!" And he replied with, "Hello!"

Then his most ungovernably forlorn voice came out with this:

"I was wondering if you'd care to run down to the shore for dinner, Jane."

"Sure! I'd love it." Jane talked like a boy. In fact it was because she was so like a boy that she was such a companionable little person. And in that musical deep drawl of hers slang never sounded cheap.

He was defensive again, thinking of his car. "Perhaps you'd rather take your machine." Her little coupé was no larger than his, but it was newer and the paint was bright.

Jane grinned. "Shucks! Let's ride in yours, Eustace! I'm not proud."

Her grin was disarming. A little warmth, something that in happier times would have felt like personal comfort, glowed pinkly in his breast. He could confide in Jane. She was always direct and sensible. No feminine inaccessibility about her. A good kid.

They sat in a dim corner of the big restaurant by the sea.

"I suppose you know what's really the trouble with me, Jane." Chin on hand, eyes somber, he was sketching her on the table cloth.

"Oh, it's a girl."

"Yes. You'll laugh——"

"I'm not laughing."

"——but I'm in love. I didn't dream it could get me like this. That's why I've got to fight Izzy Fish. It's my only chance. Oh, Jane, you don't know how much good it does me to have you to

talk to! I've been pretty lonely. You're not like these girls around here. You've got sense."

"I'm wondering if I know the girl."

"Yes, you know her. It's Beulah."

"Oh!"

"She's such a delicate, fine person."

"But she's——"

"Set apart, I mean, from this atmosphere of the pictures. My dream is to take her out of it. She's a thousand miles above these Gerdoks and these Hartleigh Greenes. Above them in her nature, I mean. It's a white spirit. I don't like the pictures. Oh, I'm in it, sink or swim, but I don't like the atmosphere. Too many people who've never known anything else."

"And too much money, I suppose," said Jane. "I don't like them, either. Really, I mean it. I like cooking. It's funny, but I do. And sewing. Mending, even. Oh, sometimes I've thought I might get a real chance, but when I'm honest with myself I doubt it. I could never be a star with this nose."

"You see, a virginal spirit like Beulah's never should have been turned loose in Hollywood."

"Better say that to her mother."

"I know, twelve thousand a week." He sighed.

"Aren't we going to dance, Eustace?"

He had forgotten about that. Eustace found it soothing to glide over the floor with Jane. She danced lightly and prettily.

The noise stopped in an abrupt screeching discord. They sat again at the table.

"You don't look awfully well to me, Eustace."

"Oh, I'm all right. Of course, I'm worried. That makes it hard to sleep."

"I wonder if you eat the right things. All that steak and potato and bread, now. You ought to eat green vegetables."

"I don't like them."

"But you should eat them. Especially if you're worrying. There should be somebody to watch over your eating all the time."

"I get tired of doing the things I should do. I've always done that. I hate athletics, but I made myself play basketball and football at high school. You know, just because I dreaded not being like the other fellows. And I made myself go into business to please my father. It didn't work. If you're different you're different. I know that now."

"But your eating ought to be looked after, just the same."

As they were driving homeward, Jane asked:

"Does Beulah know about it?"

"I think she must feel——"

"You haven't talked it over with her?"

"Why, no. Not yet. You see, first Izzy Fish . . ."

"Beulah's a curious girl," remarked Jane, apparently not listening to him.

II.

THE rocking chairs on the dim veranda were empty when Eustace reached his hotel. The spacious lounge was still save for a uniformed Filipino boy yawning over his studies behind the cigar counter. But a voice called, "Hello, you!" And then Eustace saw Jimmy Weston curled up on a divan under a reading light with a picture magazine lying closed on his knee. "I looked around for you at dinner, at the Ambassador. Beulah was there. Beulah Beattie. I had a dance with her."

"Yes, she went out with her mother. Told me she was going."

"I didn't see mother. She'd had dinner with Hartleigh Greene. Honest, somebody ought to tell her about him. She doesn't seem like the kind of a girl . . ."

"With Hartleigh Greene!" The light in the brown eyes was suddenly a flame.

RADIO FANS!

Is either Station W-G-N or Station W-G-Y on your log?

Station W-G-N is operated by the Chicago *Tribune* on the top of the Drake Hotel, Chicago. Station W-G-Y is maintained by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. Both are radiocasting excerpts from LIBERTY.

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TUNE IN!

"Sure. And I'll say . . ."

"Jimmy!" Eustace dropped on the divan and clasped his hands so tightly that his fingers turned white and red in spots. "That settles it! There's going to be a fight tomorrow!"

"You're going to hit Izzy?"

"That first. But carefully. I've planned it out. Joffre was careful. Napoleon was careful. I shall put him in the wrong, then strike. Tactics. It is a campaign. This will be merely the first battle."

"Good God! You're not going to fight any more people after that?"

"If necessary . . . Hartleigh Greene. Oh, Jimmy, can't you understand? It is like the knights of old, who jousted in the lists to win the favor of a princess. Can I win her favor if I am fired by Abe Gerdok?"

"You've sort of taken my breath away, Eustie."

"Love changes a man," said the art director, with what Jimmy felt to be a beautiful and simple fervor, and walked firmly away in his lavender silk suit.

Up in his room Eustace paced the floor. Then he dropped down at the table between the windows and wrote a brief note. It was difficult to pick from among the words so cheaply used by commonplace folk phrases that could voice his high mood, particularly as his gift lay elsewhere than with the pen.

"What you will see done this day," he wrote, "must be done because I love you. Your perfect beauty, your delicate charm, has filled my life. I cannot live on like this. Perhaps I shall see you in the evening. Or perhaps I shall be gone forever out of your life. It may be that no one will ever see me again. But I must tell you that I love you. To your happiness my life is dedicated. Respectfully,

"EUSTACE DE REAMER."

Inadequate, yes. But it would have to do.

He decided to drop the letter in her box at the gate. She would be in her dressing room then, but before the day ran out she would know the truth.

It was morning again on the Super-Masterpiece lot, seven minutes past nine. In the new set on the stage one Frank Armstruther stood frowning, arms folded. Beulah Beattie sat on a couch talking in a low voice with Hartleigh Greene. Jane Jewell stood apart. While in a leisurely manner Isadore Fish directed his deliberate crew, who were carrying in the furniture.

They saw the art director come, a slender figure in that amusing silk suit. Only Jane looked twice, noting his pallor and the circles under his eyes and his ineffectual frown. He stood for a moment on the edge of the set, still frowning in a perplexed way, like an amateur actor who is struggling to remember his lines. Jane felt a lump in her throat.

Straight up to the property man he marched.

"Fish," he began, then had to clear his throat. The big man turned. . . . "Fish, I warned you, I warned you yesterday, that this set must be ready at a quarter to nine."

"Warned me, did you?" remarked Fish, with a glance of contempt, and turned away.

Eustace stood irresolute. Again he seemed to be trying to remember something. His plan, of course! Then, with fumbling fingers, he took off his spectacles and held them blindly out toward Jane. She caught his hand and whispered, "For Heaven's sake, get hold of yourself!" He smiled again, and her heart sank. And then, without a further word, he leaped upon the unsuspecting Izzy Fish. He didn't even seem to know how to use his fists; merely leaped in a clawing way upon those big shoulders with such momentum as to drive the man off balance, against a property table, and knock a candlestick and a book or two on the floor. Fish swore in a startled manner and pushed him off, then rushed at him.

AT the first scuffling sound a hush and a little thrill of alarm fell upon all present. Then a girl screamed. Hartleigh Greene sprang to his feet, and after a moment grinned. The gentle Beulah shrank back into the corner of the sofa. The director stepped forward, shouting, none too elegantly, "Hey you, cut that stuff out!" But he kept at a safe distance. Carpenters and electricians dropped their work and rushed to the scene.

To Jane, looking fearfully on, occurred the thought that if she pressed the spectacles to her breast like that she might break them. Horror seized on her spirit. Fish was hitting savagely at Eustace, beating him back. Some of the men gathered behind him to protect the canvas scenery. A cut opened on his temple and blood ran down swiftly, dreadfully, drop-

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ping on the shoulder and lapel of the lavender suit.

But when Fish drew back to breathe and swear, Eustace leaped again. This time it was the big man who staggered back. The director shouted again: "Hey, look out for that camera! What do you think you're doing?"

Eustace, who exhibited surprising lightness and speed, carried onward as he was by the fatalistic buoyancy of desperation, actually landed a blow on Fish's left eye that in a moment nearly closed it. Then he shook his hand as if it hurt and charged again. They wrestled next, swaying this way and that, each trying to trip the other, each hitting small, curving blows which landed on shoulders and backs.

THEY fell with a crash, taking a chair with them. Fish was on top. They rolled over and over. The art director appeared to have a thumb in a corner of the other's mouth and was pulling it to one side. Again Fish rolled on top. But Eustace somehow wriggled free, very quickly got to one knee, and then, before the property man could struggle to an elbow, pounced down like a cat, caught his ears, and beat his head against the floor.

Now he had him. Again and again he beat his head down. Each impact of that bullet skull against the floor sounded clearly above the suppressed roar of the little crowd. Little by little the thrashing legs of the property man lost their energy until they relaxed into quiet. Then when Eustace struggled to his feet Fish clutched wildly at the lavender legs. His face was green. Nausea came to him, and Eustace indignantly kicked himself free and stood aside, panting.

"Take him away!" he said, in an embarrassed voice, to the nearest of the workmen. And they promptly did.

Jane came to his side.

"Here are your glasses," she said.

Eustace replied with a distant and dignified, if breathless, "thank you," and felt in his breast pocket for his purple handkerchief. It was still there, though the corner of the pocket was torn nearly away. Carefully he breathed on the glasses, wiped them, and put them on.

The crowd had broken up into excited groups. Fish was gone. Eustace drew himself up and looked about him. His austere gaze fell upon Beulah, sitting whitely on that couch, gripping one of Hartleigh Greene's hands with both her own. Uncertainly, yet with a stiff sort of firmness, he moved toward her. Greene turned his head to hide an uncontrollable laugh.

Beulah stared up at Eustace. His ridiculously exquisite suit was streaked with dirt and blood. The left sleeve and the shirt within it were torn open at the shoulder, exposing scratched red and white skin. From the cut over his cheek bone the blood still ran down, though he held his handkerchief there; the rest of his face was pink and white in spots. Yet he exhibited that extraordinarily unreal dignity, as if his eyes saw a beauty unknown to her and all the others there.

"I just wanted to ask you," he said, in the manner of one who addresses a reigning princess, "if it is all right about this evening?"

She drew nervously back.

And then Irene Dibbin rushed up, in the costume of a ballet dancer, with yellow paint on her pretty, stupid face. Irene was working in the big Hunnewell picture. Known about Hollywood for her blatant and sometimes pathetic indiscretions as well as for an utter lack of the saving sense of time and place, too excited now to sense what she was about, she gushed out, "Oh, Beulah, I just heard last night the rumor about you and Hartleigh! Tell me, is it true? Are you engaged?"

The stalwart hero, unable to speak, inclined his head. Beulah ignored the girl, if she heard her, and continued to stare with horror and fascination in her baby eyes at the incredible figure before her. But Eustace heard, and saw. The unhappy, set expression of the day before came to his battered face. He glanced with the expression of a whipped dog, for one brief moment, from Beulah to Greene, took in the little picture of the tightly clasped hands, turned abruptly away, marched off the set and out into the blinding lassitude of the sunshine.

Jimmy Weston saw him pass in the corridor; saw him and leaped after.

"For the love of Pete!" he gasped, closing the door of the art director's office behind him. "What have you gone and done?"

Eustace sank into his swivel chair, rearranged the once pretty handkerchief to find a comparatively clean spot, and, holding it to his mouth, smiled weakly.

"I hit him," he replied, in a far away voice.

"I should say you'd hit the California Limited! Look at your clothes!"

And it was then that Eustace, for the first time, looked.

"I'll run down to the store and get some raw steak," said Jimmy, thinking quickly. "You can be washing up. And maybe I can find a suit somewhere around that you can wear back to the hotel." This was contrived.

III.

WITHIN the hour Eustace, in the knickerbockers and puttees of a not unfriendly director, sat again limply and whitely behind his desk. Steps sounded in the hallway, followed by a knock at the door. Jimmy opened, and there stood Sol Gimburg, assistant to the chief property man.

"Could I speak to you, Mr. De Reamer?" he asked eagerly, apologetic in manner.

"Yes, come in," repled Eustace, with that remote dignity. Jimmy looked on, wide-eyed.

"Mr. Fish wanted me to say that we think we've found just the colonial furniture you want for the drawing room set, and we can have it ready at a quarter to nine in the morning. But if you could look in sometime before noon he'd like to have your O. K. on it. Just to look it over, you know. He'd rather not go ahead without your approval."

"I'll look in," said Eustace, almost crisply.

"Thank you, Mr. De Reamer. Mr. Fish'll appreciate it."

He was gone. Softly, thoughtfully, Jimmy closed the door and turned. His eyes were shining.

"Did you get that?" he cried. "Did you get *that*! Mr. Fish'll appreciate it if Mr. De Reamer will condescend to give his approval! Mr. Fish's compliments to Mr. De Reamer and will Mr. De Reamer condescend to hit Mr. Fish again. Oh, my Gawd!" He danced a pirouette and hugged himself. "Why, bless your battered old heart, you've licked him! You've licked Izzy Fish! You're cock of the lot!"

Eustace's sensitive mouth quivered. "Oh, yes!" he said weakly, trying to smile. "Oh, yes, I've licked him. But . . ."

"What on earth are you 'buting' about?"

"Oh, Jimmy, it's the end! It's the end of the world. She's engaged!"

"Not . . ."

"Yes, Hartleigh Greene. I don't know what I'm going to do." His voice broke. He spread his arms on the desk and dropped his head on them.

At five-twenty Eustace got away. A number of the desk men had been in with eager questions about the fight. He hated them, and was crusty about it. Even though now they crudely showed respect. And Izzy Fish had grinned and fawned, and Mister De Reamer-ed him until he wanted to hit out again.

Of all things, right there by the gate, still in costume and make-up, stood Jane. Waiting, and frank enough about it.

"My word!" she said. "First you scare me to death and then you disappear. You might have been dead. And nobody to look after you. Take off your hat."

"Not here."

"I want to see your face. It doesn't look so bad. It's puffed some. But your suit was ruined. . . . Listen! What are you going to do now?"

He blankly, mournfully didn't know. Suddenly he came out hoarsely with:

"Do you know about Beulah?"

"And Hartleigh Greene? Oh, yes! I've seen that coming along. You see, I've been wondering what she's figuring on doing with the New York fellow. He's a millionaire."

"You don't mean . . ."

"Sure. It was announced at the time she made her personal appearances down there. Oh, she's the cute one."

Eustace's jaw dropped. Jane slipped her arm through his and walked him a few steps toward the dressing rooms.

"Listen!" she said. "If you're not doing anything else, come out and have dinner with me tonight. I'm inclined to think you need somebody like me around."

Eustace glanced nervously about. But a barely perceptible warmth touched his lonely heart.

"I tell you," he said. "I'll wait in my car. Over across the way." He was thinking how he could place it so Beulah couldn't see it from the gate.

AND so again, on this next evening, they drove to the shore. They dined and occasionally danced. Jane was friendly in her comfortably matter-of-fact way. She soothed his overstrung nerves. He found himself looking at her, puzzled at first, then (with a quickening pulse) shamefaced. Emotions warred in his breast. He grew moody, silent. It was pleasant being with Jane. The clanging orchestra irritated his nerves, and he proposed riding.

Jane thought she'd better have a coat, so they drove back to Hollywood and the hotel. During the ride he hardly spoke. Jane, snuggled comfortably and confidingly against him, seemed to understand, and was silent. A great little pal! Before the steps of the hotel he said, "I'll bring out an overcoat for you," but didn't move.

Finally, with a recurrence of that quaintly remote dignity, he remarked, "I don't know just how to say this, Jane. It's been a pretty exciting day. . . ."

"You're tired."

"No. Or, perhaps. But . . . I suppose you'd think me a fool if I told you I don't believe I'm in love with Beulah at all."

"You have a wonderfully romantic nature, Eustace."

"Maybe it's that. . . . I'm sort of bewildered . . . what if I were to say that I'm fonder of you? What would you think of that?"

"How nice!"

His voice took on a dogged, even a desperate

quality. She smiled. He couldn't see her face. "Maybe I've just been lonely."

"I've felt that."

"Maybe I've got to have somebody to be crazy about. Maybe it isn't good for me to be alone. And it's worse than that. I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm sort of bewildered. But what would you think if I were to suggest that we —well, get married? Right off quick, I mean. Settle things. Of course, I . . ."

Jane stretched out her pretty little feet and pressed them against the footboard and looked down, not without a glow of contentment that she was slim and pretty, and deliberately smoothed her skirt.

"I don't know but what you—sort of—need me," she said.

HE turned and stared squarely down at her. Thrilled, delightedly romantic herself now, her lids dropped. She went on smoothing her skirt. Suddenly he caught her shoulders and kissed her, not quite on the mouth. Then, just as she was settling happily into his arms—for Jane didn't care who might see—he straightened up, saying fiercely, "I'll run in and get the overcoat."

Eustace stepped out, but turned. He seemed to be thinking desperately. "I'll get another car tomorrow. A roadster. Yellow paint. I've always wanted yellow paint. Thirty coats."

"No," said she, "I'm not going to let you do anything of the kind, dear. Better put the money into a home. At first, anyway."

"But . . ." He dashed abruptly up the steps and disappeared through the doors of the hotel.

"I'll run up and get the coat, dear. Be right back."

A young man with excited eyes leaped from a divan and handed him a note.

"Where on earth have you been, Eustie?"

"Oh, hello Jimmy! What's this?

"Beulah asked me to give it to you the first thing this evening. Not so bad, eh?"

He read the following hastily penciled words:

"I've just found your note. How wonderful that you should care like that! I've been thrilled all day. Everybody's wild about you. I'm sure you'll understand that I have to be careful not to make talk. But I'll be at home alone this evening. Won't you call up?

"BEULAH."

The doors swung again and Jane appeared, demurely smiling. "Hello, Jimmy!" she said.

Eustace handed back the note and drew himself up. Like Hartleigh Greene in a big scene of renunciation.

"I can't be bothered with this now," he said, splendidly. Then he put his arm about Jane's shoulders. "I'm going to be married," he announced. Adding, as Jimmy's mouth fell open, "to the greatest little girl in the world. I'll run up and get the coat, dear. Be right back."

And he left the amazed Jimmy to stammer out what congratulations he could.

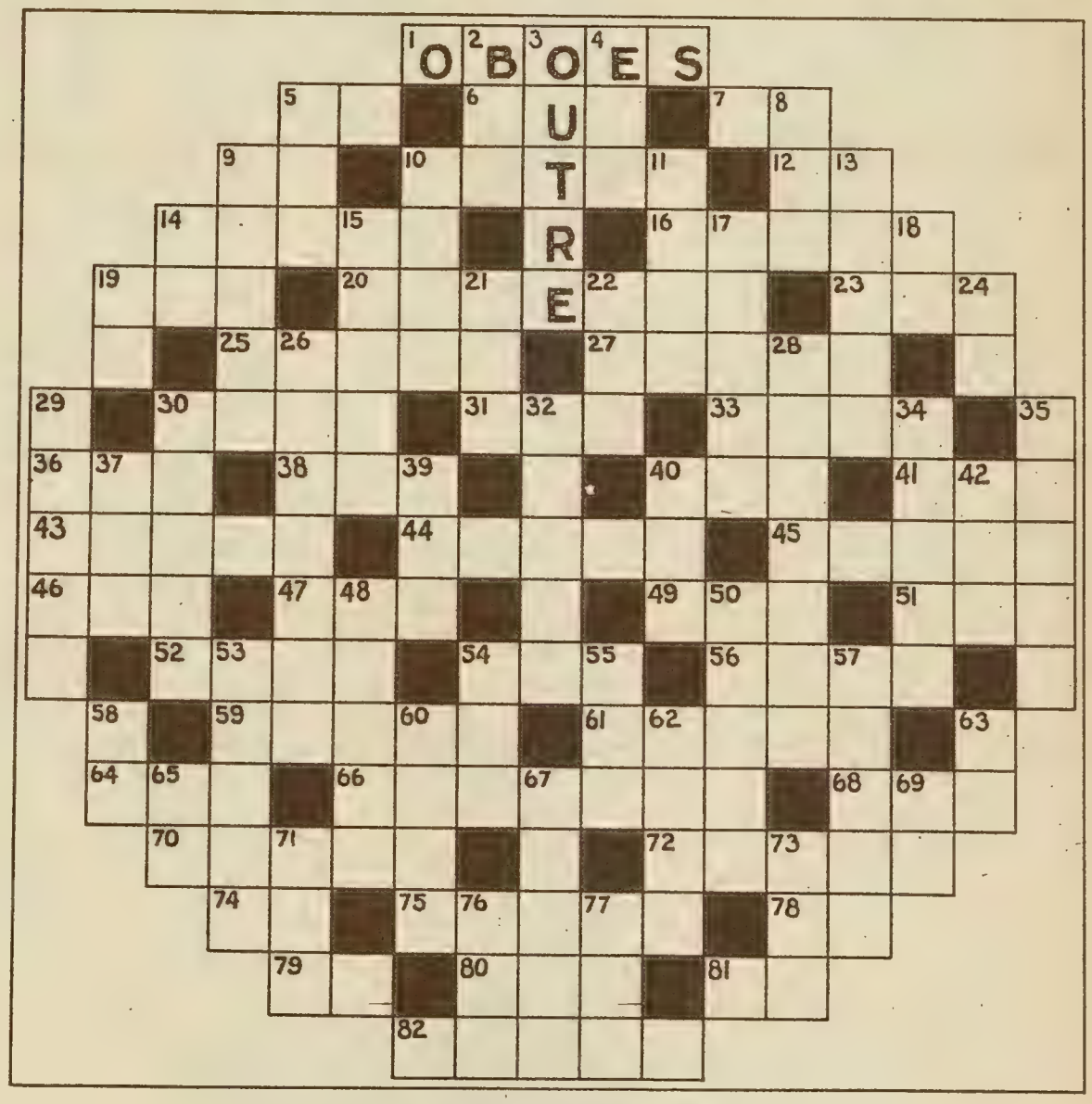
THE END

LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzles

No. 1--By J. W. WHITE

HERE'S a chance for Liberty readers to take part in the most popular indoor sport; cross-word puzzle solving.

This opening puzzle should present no difficulties, even to a beginner, for all the words are to be found in ordinary reference books—such as unabridged dictionaries—and all are "crossed" often enough to give some pretty liberal clews.



HORIZONTAL

1 Reed musical instruments
5 To exist
6 A pronoun and possessive adjective, meaning: "belonging to us"
7 A preposition and adverb meaning: "toward a higher position"
9 Thus or therefore
10 A public lodging place
12 The (Spanish)
14 Not fresh
16 One who indulges his appetite
19 A meadow
20 Commanded
23 A large receptacle
25 Shrine of the great mosque of Mecca
27 Something spoken so as not to be heard by others
30 Shut up within
31 A small rug
33 A kind of fish with very long bodies (plural)
36 The eggs of fishes
38 Definite article (English)
40 Merriment, or a good time
41 A man's name found in the Bible
43 A recently developed means of electrical communication
44 A kind of fur, used in fashionable garments
45 Narratives
46 A man's name found in the Bible
47 Immature insect
49 Epoch
51 A grain
52 Places (verb), or puts down (verb)
54 A money introduced into England by the Danes
56 A kind of type, used for emphasis (abbrev.)
59 Likeness, or statue
61 Beaten with a straight, slender stick
64 Degree awarded doctors who specialize in teeth
66 Submits to the action of air
68 Simpleton
70 To choose from a number of persons
72 Brings to maturity, or brings up
74 For example (Latin abbrev.)
75 The simultaneous discharge of several cannon, as a salute
78 A preposition denoting situation or direction
79 Leave
80 A Portuguese money
81 The first person singular, present indicative, of the verb "be"
82 Nether-world

VERTICAL

2 Hoot or deride, as at a theatrical performance
3 Extravagant
4 Before (in point of time)
5 A scarf of fur or feathers, for the neck
8 Fit of peevishness
9 To wager
10 A plant
11 Dregs
13 To make flat, or even
14 Selenium (chemical symbol)
15 Reluctant
17 Farewell (French)
18 Egyptian god
19 A note of the scale
21 A wall to stop water from flowing
22 A rodent
24 A preposition indicating *motion toward*
26 A word of opposite meaning—contrasted with "synonym"
28 To supply with notches or teeth
29 A variety of iris, the root of which is used as a perfume
30 A foot lever, as on a bicycle
32 A bower
34 A remedy, used for rheumatism
35 Abstains from food
37 A wooden implement for propelling a boat
39 Familiar Latin verb, meaning "he is" or "it is"
40 To pay or to give a gratuity to
42 A vast body of water
48 A man's name—also that of a Hebrew patriarch
50 To wash out with a liquid
53 A passageway in a theater
54 A contraction of "over"
55 Division of a drama
57 Decorate
58 Abbreviation of "edition"
60 Obtains
62 Pertaining to air (prefix)
63 Provided that, or, supposing that
65 Prefix, with the sense of "down"
67 Suffered illness
69 In like manner
71 The oval or round reproductive body produced by birds
73 To point (as a gun)
76 A southern constellation
77 Strive for superiority

The solution of this cross-word puzzle will appear in next week's Liberty.

DIRECTIONS

If you are a beginner, you can get the idea from the filled-in spaces. For instance, our definition for the horizontal word starting at Square No. 1 is "reed musical instruments." Now a flute is a reed musical instrument and *flutes* would answer the definition, but there are only five spaces for letters and *flutes* has six. Therefore we must hunt around for another musical instrument and finally hit on *oboe*—the plural of which is *oboes*, fulfilling the requirements of the definition.

With the middle "o" of *oboes* for a starter we eventually find that *outré* is the vertical word running downward from Square No. 3, defined as "extravagant."

Of course you can start anywhere and use all the easier crossing and adjoining words to help find the more difficult ones.

Remember that only the white spaces are to take letters. The black spaces simply mark the beginning and end of words.

Next week we'll print the solution and another puzzle. Don't send in your solutions.

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

She Was Willing to Trade

My neighbor the other day took her baby that had for the last week always been fretful and crying to the Childs' Welfare Bureau. Her little daughter, Mary, went with her, prattling all the way. In the office half a dozen babies reposed on cots, some awake, and some sleeping. When her turn came and the nurse took the little one on her lap and asked a few questions, Mary sidled up to the nurse and in a low tone said, "I would like to have one of these other babies; they are so much nicer to play with and smile when I look at them, and don't cry."—F. A. D., South Bend, Ind.

Kind o' Tough on the Dog

My little nephew and niece were told that the little dog their father brought home belonged to them jointly. During a terrible racket one day his mother found little Everett grinding the dog's tail with his heel. When reprimanded he replied defiantly: "I'm standing on my part and it's her part that's making all the noise."—B. M., Pawtucket, R. I.

Pie with Buttonholes

I made a pie and as usual put little slashes in the crust to let out steam while baking. In serving the pie, I cut a small piece for Helen and it was quite smooth on top, while some of the other pieces had these little openings. Helen said: "I don't see why I can't have buttonholes in my pie, like daddy has."—Mrs. E. J. M., Joliet, Ill.

What's an "Iwweggalie" Dog?

Coming in from a stroll along the street four-year-old George told his mother he saw a nice dog. Trying to appear interested she asked, "What kind of a dog?" and he answered, "Oh, just a weggalie (regular) dog, two feet afront and two feet ahind."—J. I. C., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

She'd Fix Him!

Anna Katherine, aged five, became very much disgusted with the disobedience and unseemly conduct of another child toward his mother. She stated emphatically, "If he were my child I'd spank his pants, with him in 'em."—O. W. D., Evanston, Ill.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks — See Page 55

A Good Loser Is NO Good

By LOUIS M. TOBIN

WHEREIN Bob Zuppke, the Dynamic Little Coach Who Has Made the University of Illinois One of the West's Most Respected Football Contenders, Speaks His Mind About an Ancient Shibboleth.

Pictures by TONY SARG

Someone else will be sending the boy out to get the baseball extra.

HAVE you a motto on your desk which exhorts you every day to "Lose with a Smile," or one which tells the world it is not the winning of victories but the ability to lose gracefully that stamps you as a regular he-man?

When you have lost out on some business deal have you ever tried to solace yourself with that sort of philosophy? When you failed to get that big order which went to Biffkins (whom privately you consider as you do a rattlesnake), have you congratulated him heartily and swelled up like a poisoned canine as he told you you were a "good loser"?

If you fall for this kind of "inspirational" stuff and take comfort in it until defeat no longer stings and rankles—if you really can lose gracefully and feel all right about it—you are in a bad way. Unless you do something about your quiescent attitude, sooner or later someone else will be sitting at your desk and sending the boy out to get the baseball extra while you are padding the streets looking for "Help Wanted" signs.

The first thing to do is to yank down the praise of the "good loser" and put up a sign that reads:

A GOOD LOSER IS NO GOOD.

—ROBERT C. ZUPPKE.

This man Zuppke is the iconoclast who comes from the field of sport, where the "good loser" expression is so overworked, to shatter it into smithereens and compel the journeymen poets to take a new tack in their rhymes for business men and other battlers with the cruel, harsh world. He is football coach at the University of Illinois.

Zuppke's blast probably will shock you at first. It sounds like high treason and is calculated to make the author of Tom Brown at Rugby turn over in his grave, because it jolts an idea which has been dinned into you all your life. But when you listen to "Zup" you will have to admit that he pokes a hearty wallop at the good old theory that it is a grand and noble trait to be a good loser.

The coach declares the good-loser philosophy is spurious. That it is a sham and a fake. That in honest American, East Green Street, Champaign, Illinois, lingo, it is emphatically the bunk. And that if you are really a good loser, it is a certain sign that your spirit is dying.

"WHEN I say that a good loser is no good I am merely making a statement that every American, whether in sport or in business, knows is true if he will stop and think," says Zuppke. "It is not commendable or desirable to be a good loser. We Americans are not good losers, and neither are the English. More than that, we really do not like good losers—we merely pretend that we do.

"Now understand that when I use the term 'good loser' I do not mean the defeated football coach or player, statesman, or business man who 'congratulates' his victorious adversary. This custom of felicitating the victor by the vanquished is merely a veneer that is necessary for our social relations. A good fighter cannot be a good loser, but society demands that he school himself so that he can appear to be one.

"When a football coach, for instance, walks across the field to shake hands with his successful rival and 'congratulate' him the public applauds the gesture and admiringly declares, 'He is a good loser.' But the public knows the defeated coach is sick at heart if he is worth his salt and is merely preserving this outward veneer that social necessity requires. Thus, when I assert that a good loser is no good, I do not mean the man who performs this customary, perfunctory act of courtesy but the fellow who comforts himself and tells himself that it really does not matter that he has been licked.

"Take a look at a football team which has just lost a hard game, a time when the characteristics of the good and hard losers will come to the surface. When the hard losers limp into the training quarters they have little or nothing to say. They have battles within themselves to be ordinarily polite even to their best friends. They can hardly compel themselves to take a shower and put on their street clothes. I hold that because it is such a struggle for them to preserve the outward veneer of courtesy and politeness to their victorious opponents after the game, they are in reality greater sportsmen than the good losers to whom the defeat has not meant so much.

"Another point: these same hard losers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Prettier floors

The fine finish of your floors, woodwork, furniture and piano will glow with a newer, richer beauty when polished with O-Cedar. Make home brighter—and work lighter—by using O-Cedar Polish and the O-Cedar Polish and Dusting Mops. Ask your dealer.

Easy to apply and economical, too.

O-Cedar Polish

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

have more real respect and sympathy for the opponents whom they defeat than have the so-called good losers. Defeat hurts the hard losers so much they can well appreciate just how deeply the iron has entered the soul of a hard-fighting foe. I have heard players who were hard losers comment, 'It must have been pretty tough for those fellows to lose—it meant a lot to them,' while others who were more of the good-loser type themselves would be likely to crow over the downfall of the defeated team.

"AFTER a game has been lost I can always spot the good losers, because they have appetites left for food and pleasure. At a time like this, when a player asks, 'When do we eat?' or 'Are we going to a movie tonight?' I know that there is one fellow who is losing without much mental pain and I start right out to replace him with a hard loser.

"It is my experience that all quitters are good losers. The right kind of player must have a fear and horror of losing. If he hasn't he will not tap his reserve energy in a game. The hard loser can do this because he has a far deeper, more sensitive nature than the good loser. He will play himself out. But don't think because he is a hard loser that he will resort to anything to win.

"It is as true in business as in football—or any other contest. A business man who has worked and planned and fought to win a contract or to make some campaign a success may congratulate his successful rival sincerely and honestly—but he will not feel it any the less. The chances are he would fire any of his staff that gave three cheers and rejoiced over it. The business man who did not feel defeat keenly would not fight to the limit the next time.

"In sports the good loser is subjective. He thinks only of himself and asks himself, 'Am I going to be able to do this?' The hard loser is objective—he forgets his own personality and thinks only of the goal and how he is going to be able to get there or help somebody else to make it.

"Here is an instance of the mental attitude of the hard loser at a critical time. Illinois was playing Ohio at Columbus in 1923 in the final game of the season. We had won all our games and victory meant at least a tie for the Western Conference championship. Jack Wilce's team put up a superb battle and placed the ball on the Illinois one-foot line. It seemed impossible Illinois could hold, but we did. Our captain, Jim McMillen, a grand sportsman but a mighty hard loser, was a big factor in this feat. I asked him how the boys did it, and he said, 'We saw those championship gold footballs taking wings and flying away, and we just had to.'

"I believe these observations on good and bad losers apply to life in general, as well as to football and other sports, and that you will find the two types of losers in business, the professions, politics, and other walks of life, running true to form and reacting just the same way. Of course, we cannot win all the time, even if we are bad losers, but we have to lose to appreciate winning, and if we fight hard and do not comfort and console ourselves into taking reverses easily our time to win will come some time.

"Just remember one thing: that to be a good loser is a sign of a dying spirit. The man who hasn't an alibi is hopeless."

Tradition has it that there are "fighting faces," and the square jaw is generally considered to be a mark of courage. But Zuppke scouts this tradition.

"You cannot pick men by their presence," he declares. "At first we naturally favor men who are good for the camera, whether in sports or business, but you cannot look at a man and tell whether he is a hard fighter. I have had square-jawed men who were no good and weak-chinned fellows with the hearts of lions. The best index is the clear eye. Features may indicate the petty virtues, but not the big ones such as courage and enthusiasm. Courage does not belong to any one nation or race. In eighteen years of coaching I have had players of all national descents, and you cannot say that one race is braver than another.

"A FOOTBALL player must have moral as well as physical courage. When Harold Grange, who is one of the greatest players of all time, catches a punt he must have physical courage, because ten men are coming hard at him to knock him down if they can. But he must have great moral courage to sustain the strain of having 60,000 people looking at him.

"A liar is no good because he has lost his moral courage, which is the result of the respect of our fellow men. If a player lies to me, at once he develops a supersensitiveness to my scoldings and is apt to think deep down in his heart that I have it in for him. He will worry at home, and sooner or later his moral and physical endurance will leave him."

Does it take more brains to be a debater than a football player? Zuppke, the demolisher of pet traditions, was a debater himself at Milwaukee Normal in his student days, and he has another shock for you.

"The football player must be more mentally alert than the debater," he argues. "Football is nothing but a mental exercise expressed physically. Both debaters and players have habits drilled into

them. The debater really does not think when he is on his feet. The football player may get a rap on his shoulder or head, but he must keep right on going and his brain must function properly although he is being punished bodily. And remember that all this time he must remember eighty-five to one hundred signals and a lot of complicated rules.

"It takes brains to be a football player. I have had candidates who had all the physical requirements. They play well in practice, but when it came to games their brains did not function under the strain. They lacked the mental equipment. Green teams often lose games, not because they are not as good physically as veterans but for the reason they tire faster mentally. They do not have the mental endurance and are not capable of sustained attention.

"Football players must have as much grace as dancers. I believe that Grange is at least as graceful as Pavlowa, and he has a harder task, because when he is running somebody is trying to knock him down. A player must have rhythm the same as a dancer, but a dancer performs in her own rhythm, while a player must adapt his to his opponent's. We cannot use awkward players and we strive to develop grace. The half back must run without lost motion—just as a dancer must dance gracefully and relaxed. When Harold Grange dodges a hand he cannot see, it is a sign of a delicate touch like a violinist's. I have seen him accelerate his speed at the faintest indication of a hand or a body coming behind him, although he could not see it.

"CIVILIZATION follows the ball. It has always followed a ball. Football as we play it could only develop in the United States, the latest civilization, because the older countries are held back by traditions. Civilization is said to depend for stability upon the controlled moods of the individual. Football develops this control to a high degree on account of the number of men on the field at one time and the punishment they take. Once in a while a player is struck by another. His natural impulse is to strike back, but he has taught himself control.

"Don't confuse football with mere exercise. It is a spirit—it appeals to the imagination, and American boys play it because of a great urge and it is tremendously valuable in preparing men for business or professional life. The big thing is that football becomes a symbol of sportsmanship to thousands. It is a breeder of real courtesy—courtesy in its vital form of respect for rivals."

Zuppke's Mottoes Come from Life

BOB ZUPPKE, the diminutive football coach of the University of Illinois, whose teams have each year furnished the sensations of the Western Conference and won many championships, is a philosopher who is as startlingly original in his philosophy as in his forward passes. As an iconoclast he destroys the bromidian mottoes wholesale. Among his mottoes are:

A good loser is no good.
All quitters are good losers.
The man who has no alibi is hopeless.
Many a weak-chinned man has a fighting heart.
A liar is no good because he lacks moral courage.
Neutrality is being afraid of one side and ashamed of the other.

Is it a sign of a degenerate civilization that Dempsey, the pugilist, should reap far greater fame and financial reward than Pasteur, the scientist?

"Dempsey is a symbol of the perfect body—of the virtue of physical strength and courage," Zuppke believes. "I do not think it is a bad thing for the race to admire him. He is naturally an ideal for the young because of his vitality. No matter what you think of pugilism, you must concede that Dempsey could not maintain his perfect body without restraint and self-abnegation. Pasteur is a symbol of the creative type of mind and appeals to the mature. His virtues benefit the future. He is a higher type than Dempsey, but the fighter has his place and helps to lift up the race."

HOW does Zuppke take defeat? Well, his teams have never lost a game, no matter how overwhelming the score, that he did not believe it was entirely possible for Illinois to have won. When Ohio had the ball on that one-foot line last year and Jim McMillen saw the gold footballs taking wing, they say that "Zup" bit his tongue in two.

He has walked across the field to "congratulate" a rival coach, but you can write down one thing:

In his eighteen years of coaching nobody has ever called him a good loser!

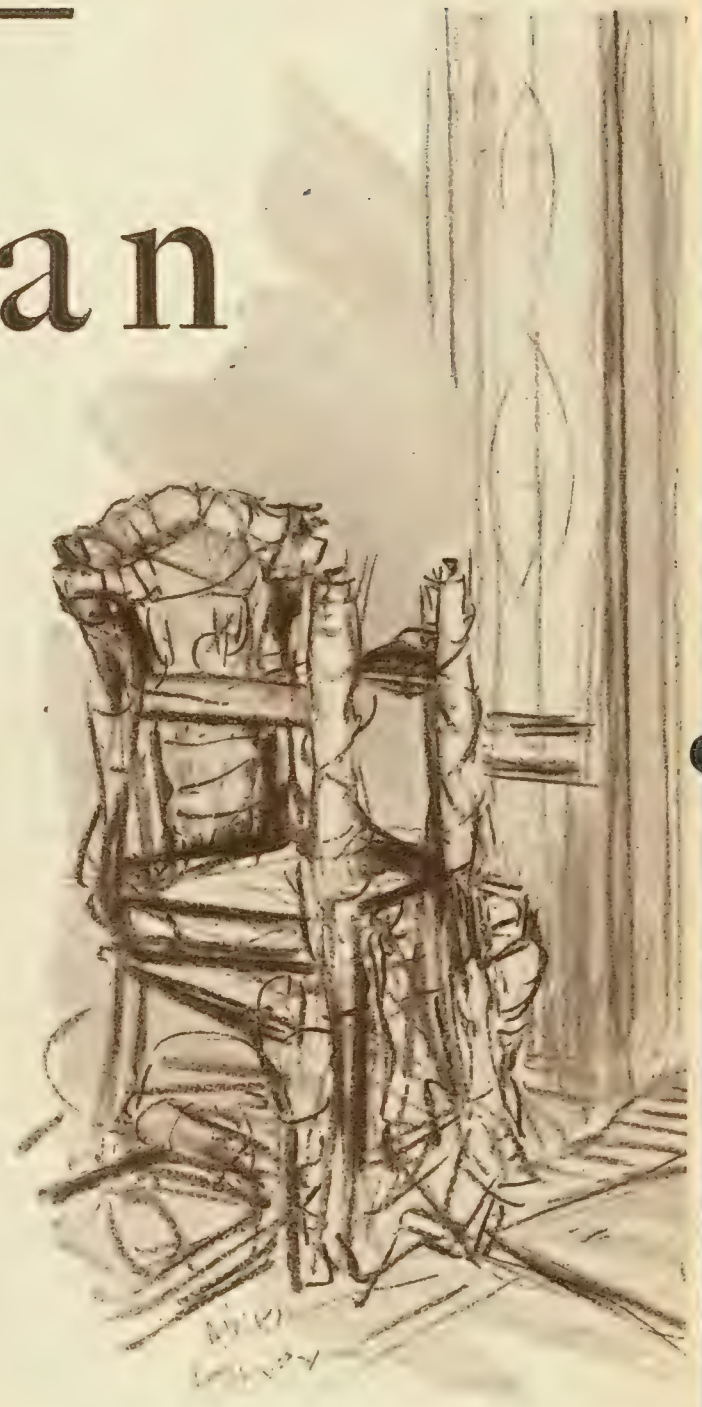
THE END

Football players must have as much grace as dancers.

The LOVER— A Bad Salesman

By JUDGE JOHN DeB. LIMLEY

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY



WE REGRET to have to report that the Guppingtons are in the divorce courts. It came as a great surprise to us just as it must be to you. If ever there was a couple whose marriage looked permanent it was Dave and Dora Guppington.

Remember that wedding? Beautiful affair, carried off with good taste and followed by a honeymoon in the West Indies, after which they came home to a lovely villa on Long Island and all of the comforts which make life a sweet dream of peace.

Two years of that and a reverberating crash. Dave living at a hotel and Dora at her father's home, getting all ready to tell her story to the court. Says she's through with Dave, and Dave echoes that he'd rather die in exile than reunite with Dora.

Dora complains that Dave misrepresented himself to her in the first place, and Dave says he bought a gold brick when he took Dora. There are two sides to every situation, and it's a poor question to which two supportable answers cannot be given.

The cold truth is that Dave *did*, intentionally or not, oversell himself to her, and she, knowingly or otherwise, accepted a contract which she might have known she couldn't fill.

If you are around the divorce courts long enough you will discover that a third person —man or woman—is at the apparent bottom of the majority of all pleas for divorce and separation, but if you'll look further into the case you are quite likely to find that a lack of frankness and naturalness before marriage is the foundation for an even greater proportion of marital disasters.

Putting it in terms of business, you might say that men are wont to oversell themselves in their anxiety to win the girl of their choice, and women are just as prone to misrepresent their capacities. A salesman misrepresenting his goods to a retailer is courting trouble and the loss of the trade's confidence. He is sacrificing his future for an immediate gain.

A manufacturer, dazzled by the possibilities of large profits, may misrepresent the capacity of his factory, hoping for some commercial miracle to make it possible for him to make deliveries on time and his manufactures up to specifications.

This salesman and that manufacturer are inviting ruin, and ruin is an ever willing guest.

For many years I have listened to men and women tell the court they cannot get along. I have heard judges hand down profound opinions on social and moral ethics. They have blamed everything from the much abused mother-in-law to sheer ignorance of social fundamentals.

But I cannot find good reason for abandoning my own theory—formed years ago and, to my own satisfaction, repeatedly verified since —that misrepresentation and bad salesmanship are responsible for more marital discord than anything else.

SUPPOSE we consider the Guppington case. Dora finds that Dave's income and potential earning capacity are not as impressive as he made her believe while he was courting her. Dave says that Dora, far from being the home-building, family-raising, coöperating woman she represented herself to be, is a gadabout, a shiftless, lazy, untidy, selfish girl, with a greater capacity for spending than saving.

Dora was popular. There was a rather long line of men seeking her favor. Competition was keen and there was no chance for the piker. To interest Dora you had to step out with considerable *éclat*, not to say zip.

He had shown Dora the tickets for the honeymoon.

Her family was of the grand, glorious, and populous middle class; her parents were poor. But Dora was pretty and witty. She could dress well on little. Give Dora a couple of hours and a few yards of silk and she could make the Golden Horseshoe folk at the opera look at her and feel like applauding. Two blocks away from the walk-up apartment house which was home to her, and she became the Park Avenue débutante in everything but actuality. You know the kind?

Of course, the other girls were jealous of her and were given to catty talk, but Dora was all right. A little ambitious and calculating, perhaps, but all right. She knew what she wanted. She didn't *get* it, but that, according to her complaint to the court, was Dave's fault.

AND Dave! Well, when Dave met Dora he was doing very nicely in the real estate business. He wasn't rich or even comfortably supplied with worldly goods, but he had brains and ambition and plenty of healthy vigor, and his future was quite gilded.

Unfortunately you can't cash in on your future, no matter how auriferous it may be, without mortgaging it, and mortgages are blood brothers to shackles. You can't travel fast for long if you have a ball and chain on each ankle. You can get along, thus hobbled, but you've got to go slow and keep working away at those drags. Once rid of them you can try a burst of speed.

Dave landed at the altar broke but happy. He had shown Dora the steamer tickets for the honeymoon, but had neglected to tell her that he had borrowed the money with

He had to give up the villa and move to a flat.

REVEALING That Misrepresentation, Overselling, Underselling, and Generally Poor Merchandising Before Marriage Cause Much Woe Later

which to buy them. He had taken her to that Long Island villa that she might inspect her future home, but had not had the courage to tell her that he had, being in the real estate business, been able to make some preposterous arrangement with the owner, to whom he was to pay about two-thirds of his income for years in order to pose as the proprietor of the pretty place.

Briefly, Dora believed she was marrying a fifty thousand a year man, whereas Dave was making no more than five thousand, if that. Dave had not told her how much he was earning and Dora had not asked. He inferred and she deduced and, as almost always happens when business is done on such soggy grounds, both were wrong.

And now look at the darned thing! Dora awoke with a start. The real estate market fell off as real estate markets will, and Dave's commissions became anæmic. He had to give up the villa and move to a flat so much like the one he took Dora from that Dora couldn't quite survive the shock.

They parted, Dave to commune with his debts and Dora to tell the world what a total loss Dave was. Dave says that Dora was entirely too fond of the society of other men, and she wants to know whether it was fair of him to expect her to give up all her friends merely because he couldn't hold up his end in their set.

Selfish? Of course she is. Frivolous? To be sure. Butterfly? Yes. But wasn't she all of those things before she married Dave? Of course. Well, didn't Dave know it then?

Ah, that's rather more difficult to answer. When a man's in love he's somewhat astigmatic; his vision is not quite normal. And besides, Dora, who didn't see the real Dave any more than Dave saw the real Dora, was indulging in a bit of keen salesmanship herself in those courting days. She was letting Dave see only the best of her. What Dave saw would have made the perfect wife, at least he thought so.

Why did she thus dissemble? Simply because she believed that by so doing she was going to land this bright young money maker.

And there you have what I have seen in dozens of divorce cases—cases involving otherwise obscure persons. Naturally, I am not dealing with the divorce cases of the rich—the Stillman case, for example. Nor am I including the actor and actress divorces. We are dealing only with ordinary folk—with the vast masses.

THEN there is the unhappy young man who, either because of an inferiority complex or lack of self-confidence, undersells himself. Perhaps I had better say that he doesn't sell himself at all.

He is a fine fellow, earning a good salary, generous, capable, ambitious, and smart. In short, he'd make excellent marrying. He is just the sort of man a girl ought to be glad to marry. But there he stands, in the presence of THE girl, stupid, cowering, deprecating, and rather hopeless. Fortunately his kind are in the minority.

He has made the mistake of raising the girl to a too lofty pedestal. She doesn't belong there. She is quite apt to become dizzy and fall. But she doesn't fall for him—unless she is equipped with enough insight and discrimination to realize what is beneath that dull exterior.

At a party other men boast of their prowess in college, in business, in society, but our poor boob is silent, although he has a better record than any of the others. He is one of those silent heroes of whom authors write with great feeling, but upon whom, if they remain unsung by their self-appointed extollers, the world refuses to look.

Briefly, they are poor salesmen of good material. Often they are left to mourn their loss while the breezy boys such as Dave Guppington carry off the girls. You can't blame the girl; she is no seeress.

WOMEN are more consistent in their ability to sell themselves. To win a husband is a large part of the feminine mission in life. She is trained for conquest; her background is that of the huntress. She is given to understand that she must marry and that it is up to her to do well for herself. She has schooled herself in the arts of man-baiting; she has made a study of modes and methods.

She can size up a man much more quickly and with greater accuracy than any man can take her measure. She makes a business of men, whereas the man classifies women as an avocation.

The male, generally speaking, is more interested in winning material wealth than the female, although the woman will deplore the lack of money more than her mate, not because she wants it for herself so much as she desires it for her children. I speak generally, of course. But the woman who is out for money in a husband will display greater insight than the man; she is a better judge of money makers than a man is. A man can accommodate himself to poverty much more easily than a woman. A woman's ambition will usually survive that of her husband.

My experience is that, as salesmen of themselves, women are far and away more efficient than men. The man who is his own best hawker is the Show-Off type so excellently portrayed in George Kelly's play of that name.

He meets a girl and begins by asking her whether she's ever seen anything in trousers within hailing distance of him.

"Lady," says he, "there are two kinds of men—me and the others. Don't let me escape if you have any ambitions to be happy. The world is now engaged in a futile campaign to block my path to greatness. Slowly it is realizing that it is wasting its time. Let's go."

Now, this type is apt to rush the shallow woman off her feet, and you will usually find that a woman who loses her foothold loses her head at the same time. And when a woman fails at both extremities she's liable to land in the lap of trouble.

THE END

Why Not a WOMAN

THERE'S Nothing in the Constitution to Stop the Missus from Being the Chief Executive—And There's Something in the Air That Says Some Woman May Get the Job Before Many Years Have Passed!

Picture by
FRANCES ROGERS

Somebody's daughter is slated for the job and it will be a

WILL your daughter be the first woman President of the United States? Somebody's daughter may carve that niche in the Hall of Fame. The odds are that the woman is alive today.

She may be a schoolgirl with her hair in a braid, or a serious young woman working at a typewriter or ribbon counter and going to night high school, or possibly she has already arrived at maturity and is high in the councils of one of the several women's political organizations.

The one thing certain is that we are in line for a woman President in the not very distant future.

Just as surely as there is an Amendment Nineteen to the Constitution of the United States.

Just as surely as we already have women municipal councilmen, mayors, prosecutors, judges, and congressmen. Just as surely as conservative England has women in the House of Lords.

It is safe to say that not one reader out of twenty can tell the name of the first woman who ran for President.

I have been asking all manner of people for that name, and none could answer. Not even the clever employés of the New York public library, who, flanked by almanacs, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and mountainous card indexes daily answer more puzzling questions than probably any single group of public servants in the country.

It isn't anything of which to be ashamed.

It only tends to prove what a lot of water has run under the bridge since 1884, when the Equal Rights party held a lonely little national convention in San Francisco and nominated Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood of New York for President, with Mrs. Marietta L. Stow of California for her running mate.

At the time the candidacy of Mrs. Lockwood created slightly less excitement than the daily setting of the sun. The only reference I can find to her candidacy is in a *Harper's Weekly* for November, 1884, which gives her a dozen lines of type, including the opinion that:

"This lady possesses great force of character and indomitable perseverance."

Belva Lockwood was a candidate for President a second time in 1888 on the same ticket, with Alfred H. Love of Pennsylvania for Vice President.

The ordinary almanac and reference works do not mention how many votes Mrs. Lockwood got on either occasion—in fact, do not mention her name at all. The total could not have amounted to much.

But I'll bet that if Belva Lockwood were alive today and a candidate for President she would get her picture in the newspapers.

She would also get enough votes to make you thoughtful.

She might—it is quite possible—get elected.

Since those pioneer days in equal rights the Constitution has been amended, millions of women have the ballot, hundreds are filling public office with credit, and the world has changed its mind several times about lots of things.

There is no legal obstacle to a woman becoming President of the United States.

There was nothing in the Constitution to prevent it when the Equal Rights party nomi-

PRESIDENT?

By JACK BECHDOLT

chance that may develop another of the world's great rulers.

nated Mrs. Lockwood, and she was certainly in position to know all about the legal side of the question.

Belva Lockwood taught school, was twice married, and studied law. After a hard struggle she won permission to practice in the District of Columbia in 1873, and, six years later, got a bill through Congress allowing women to practice before the United States Supreme Court. Mrs. Lockwood practiced law brilliantly and successfully throughout a long and busy life, and was well advised, so far as law went, when she sought the highest office in the land.

Mrs. Lockwood's convictions are amply indorsed by Burnita Shelton Matthews, secretary of the Women's Bar Association of the District of Columbia and head of the Legal Research Department of the Woman's Party. Mrs. Matthews also is a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court.

"It is not the Constitution, but public opinion sanctioning the subjection of women that has thus far delayed for the United States a woman President," Mrs. Matthews says. "Now that women are emerging from the class of dependent and subservient beings and are armed with the ballot, the dawn of a new era is here, and there are no heights to which they may not attain.

"According to the unbroken usage of English common law, women were not admitted to public offices, save for certain hereditary offices, such as the crown of England.

"Influenced by the common law, which was very generally adopted by the several states, the framers of the United States Constitution doubtless expected the President and all officers under the Constitution to be men.

"However, they did not incorporate in the Constitution a limitation based upon sex.

"In fact, they did not incorporate any limitations or qualifications whatever for the office of President except in regard to age, citizenship, and residence. All other matters pertaining to suitableness and fitness for the office are to be determined by the people at the time they choose their President. One must be chosen before one can fill the office."

According to that opinion, any woman who is "a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States." This is the qualification clause in the Constitution.

And, to clear up any further doubt, Mrs. Matthews adds that, in her opinion, a woman born abroad of American parents could qualify as "a natural born citizen."

CAN a woman qualify physically to hold the job?

Some day, perhaps not so very far off, a lot of eloquence and ink is going to be spilled over this topic. Undoubtedly it will furnish the opposition with a keen argument.

It is no cause for a patriotic thrill to reflect that the physical labor of the President constitutes the hardest job in the world. It is generally looked upon as a man-killing job.

Few men have long survived the strain of that task after leaving the office. It is a matter of tragic record that some have succumbed in office.

If the President of today had no moral or legal responsibility of any sort, no strain upon his conscience, no ambition to give his country the very best in him, still his duties would constitute one of the hardest jobs in the world.

The President's working day begins with an early breakfast and the newspapers. From the breakfast table he goes to a mass of letters already sifted and indexed by a corps of clerks, and the answering of even the most trivial of these requires thought, for it is the President speaking, and his words are public property.

The daily appointment list follows, and it is the policy of Presidents to be as readily accessible as possible within the limitations of twenty-four hours. Therefore he sees not only the representatives of foreign powers, cabinet members, senators and representatives, party leaders and office seekers, but a large number of visiting notables, whose calls are limited to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

from one to five minutes for "paying their respects."

As arbitrators of major labor troubles our Presidents of recent years have spent many hours in conference with committees.

The work of Congress also absorbs a large proportion of the President's attention.

Each day the President signs his name many hundred times. He signs all bills passed by the Congress, all commissions in the army and navy, the appointments of all manner of federal officeholders, his correspondence, and his gift photographs.

When the President finally snatches an hour off, this by strict orders of his personal physician, he may run out to the links for a round of golf. Should he do this he can't dally and swap gossip with Tom, Dick, and Harry. Too many people are ready to watch, listen, and comment. He plays golf and gets it over with, a couple of secret service men keeping him company and tabs on his score.

If he goes for an automobile ride, or if he goes shopping, secret service men go along. If he goes to a theater, he is on view, and must applaud indiscriminately and smile often. The President's social activities are limited pretty strictly to the state dinners and receptions. Usage allows him a few calls on friends, but any unusual attention to private citizens, no matter how long standing the friendship is, becomes instantly another matter of comment, gossip—even criticism.

ADD to all this and a great deal more of the same kind that our Presidents are conscientious men—and our first woman President will have to be twice as conscientious because of the precedents she will establish—that they sit up until late hours trying to get at the rights and wrongs of a thousand vexatious questions, worrying about appointments and candidates for jobs concerning whom it is physically impossible to know everything or even much of anything; that their occasional yachting trips on the Mayflower are a repetition of the same dreary grind, and their railroad visits about the country doubly aggravated by the necessity of appearing in person at every watering tank and whistling post to acknowledge the cheers—and it is plain to see that the first woman who tackles the job is going to have something to keep her occupied!

How will the first woman President stand the physical strain of office?

Let Miss Emma Wold answer. Miss Wold is legislative secretary of the National Woman's party and knows as well as any woman alive what hard work means.

"The duties of President of the United States do not demand great muscular power, but they call for physical endurance and nerve reserves, both of which it has long been recognized women possess to a marked degree," says Miss Wold.

"There will be no excuse for special legislation for women to keep them out of the Presidency. The welfare of the race will not require it. A woman's children will have been born by the time she is eligible to the position and reared by the time she is likely to be ready to fill it.

"Only the husband, if any, will be in position to say that her place is in the home."

AS to the political possibilities of a woman becoming President, opinions differ mightily. An old-time politician tells me it is all "fool nonsense." But this man didn't know that a hundred years ago the citizens in most of these United States were campaigning for the right to vote just as the women were a few years since.

Harriet Taylor Upton, writing of women in politics, recently predicted that duties of the home would keep women from seeking legislative and national office.

But look at the women officeholders today!

Since women have been accorded notable recognition by the great national parties, the most plausible suggestion is that our first woman President may reach the office through successful candidacy for the Vice Presidency. Such recognition seems the next likely political move.

If you don't believe there is a possibility that a woman may some day occupy the White House, hearken to the words of John R. Voorhis, grand sachem of Tammany Hall (the Democratic organization of New York City). Mr. Voorhis, who is ninety-five years old, is a veteran politician, one of the practical sort, and who, therefore, is in a position to speak with some degree of authority. Mr. Voorhis, who frankly acknowledges that he opposed woman suffrage, gives his views of women in politics as follows:

"After observing the activities of women in politics," he says, "I can see no reason why a fine, bright woman should not make as good a President of this country as some we have had. She could easily choose better cabinets than some we have had, and she might give us a fine administration."

Somebody's daughter is slated for the job, and it will be a chance that may well develop another of the world's great rulers, another like Victoria of England, Catherine of Russia, or the magnificent Elizabeth.

The office is big enough to have given any woman of such caliber plenty to do. How would you like your daughter to have the job?

THE END

CÉSAR BALBOIS

Fate Plays a Strange Trick in War-Time Paris

By FREDERIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by
WILLIAM McPHERSON

Pictures by
OSCAR HOWARD

Little by little, he grew to love them.

ABOUT five o'clock in the afternoon M. César Balbois crossed the Boulevard Saint-Michel on his way home from the school in which he was a tutor. His thin figure was enveloped in a shabby overcoat. His head was thrown back. The austerity of his countenance was accentuated by a flowing beard, once blonde, but now streaked with gray.

He turned the corner of a side street and stopped before the door of a little *brasserie*. With a gesture of authority he lifted the latch and entered. He took his place at the table at which he had sat for fifteen years. His coming was awaited by a group of habitués of which he was the oracle and the tyrant.

He was speaking when a soldier entered. The poilu stood near the door and looked around. Then he went straight to M. Balbois.

"Monsieur Balbois?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other, curtly. He was mortified at being interrupted.

"I am Dulin. You must remember me, Monsieur Balbois. I was a colleague of yours six years ago at the Bance School—a friend of yours, too, if I may say so."

"Ah! Yes. Yes, I remember you perfectly. I am charmed to see you, Dulin," said M. Balbois. He unbent and offered his hand to the soldier.

Now in fact he did recognize him. His rosy cheeks were tanned and his mustache was more pronounced. But he had the same clear and timid eyes and the same discreetly lowered voice.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Balbois," he said, "but I should like to speak to you. Would you be so good as to come outside with me for a few minutes?"

The demand that he leave his tavern and his friends was somewhat exacting. But M. Balbois had formerly felt as kindly toward Dulin as he was capable of feeling toward anybody. Besides, his curiosity was aroused. He went out with the young man.

"Let's go this way," said Dulin. "Monsieur Balbois, I want to ask you to do me a service. It is a curious service and it may last for some time. Only our friendly relations in the past give me the courage."

"What is it?" inquired M. Balbois, somewhat disquieted as to the nature of the service.

"You know," replied Dulin, visibly embarrassed—"you know that after living with you for eighteen months at the Bance School, I left it to get married. That was in spite of the fact that you, in your wisdom——"

"Advised you to do nothing of the sort," Balbois interrupted. "To get married when one is without a sou is madness."

"But I loved her and I wanted to live while I was still young," said Dulin gently. "And she seemed so brave and was so pretty.

"We have two children. I was happy. But (his voice fell) she left me. She left the children. I don't know with whom she went away. She wrote me a letter, complaining about the failure she had made of life and the sufferings which she had endured without my even noticing them. Well, I have suffered in my turn, Monsieur Balbois. I assure you that if it hadn't been for the children—— But that is all over. I have forgotten it. I have learned to be energetic, like you."

He dropped into silence but continued to walk rapidly.

"Where are you taking me?" asked M. Balbois, who was out of breath.

"We are there already," said Dulin.

He plunged down a little street and entered a shop so narrow that the door nearly covered the whole front. The place was so black, dusty, and grimy that no one would ever have recognized it as a grocery store. M. Balbois, who followed, made out in the back a very old woman, covered with rags, squatting beside a little stove. Two children, three and four years old, sat on the floor.

"They are my children," said Dulin. "And that is my grandmother. She is very old and very deaf, and I don't believe she is altogether sound in mind. But I have no one else in the world who can look after them. So I get no news of them. I am an auxiliary in the fighting zone, and down there we know nothing about what happens here. That is a constant torment to me. Until a short time ago an old

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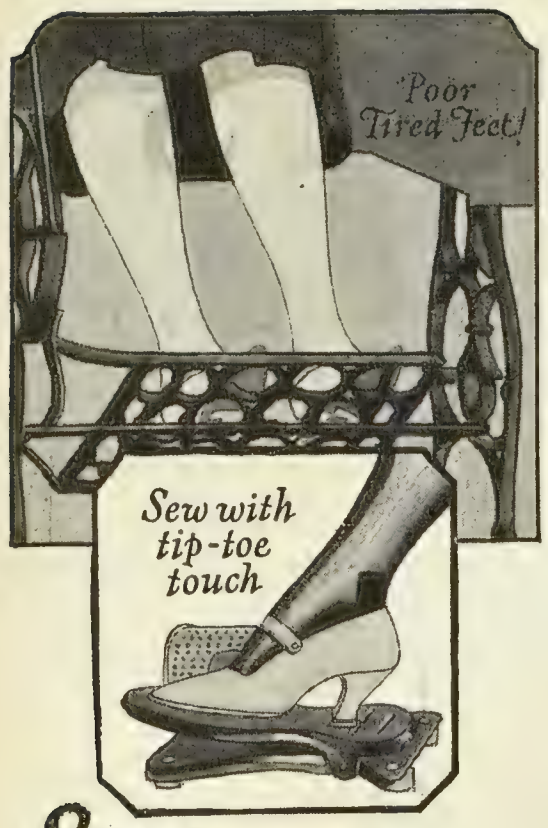

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

woman who lived with my grandmother sent me word. But she is dead. So——"

"So?" echoed M. Balbois.

"Well, Monsieur Balbois, I don't know anybody else whom I can ask to do me this favor. Won't you drop in here, once in a while, and write me a line, telling me how things are?"

Egoist as he was, M. Balbois had still some susceptibilities. Touched by the request, he overlooked the annoyances of the trust.

"My dear Dulin, you may count on me. I shall come by here every week and you shall have news of your children."

"Thank you!" cried the young man effusively. "Thank you!"

"But, Monsieur Balbois," he began again, in an embarrassed way, "if by chance—one never knows—if their mother—yes, if my wife should come back—— That is a possibility, because of the children. I am sure she loved them. So if she should come back, you will see her, won't you? Tell her—tell her that I haven't anything against her. Tell her to have confidence in me. Tell her to stay. And let me know at once—let me know down there——"

Dulin's emotion choked him. After a moment he added sheepishly:

"You think I am very weak, don't you?"

"No, no," M. Balbois stammered. "I know, you see; I know. It's my own story over again. I was poor. I had a wife who was pretty, too, and whom I loved overmuch. Only, in my case, there were no children. So she never came back."

ONCE a week M. César Balbois, instead of stopping at his favorite tavern, walked on to the Place Saint-Sulpice. There he entered the dark and grimy little shop, hardly ever troubled by customers.

Uncovering his bald forehead, he saluted the old woman. Without turning her wrinkled face toward him she responded with hostile grimaces and mumbled senile insults. Then he lifted the two children, one after the other, and kissed them. Finally he sat down on a box before a battered table, and wrote a brief letter, always in the same words:

> My Dear Dulin. I have just seen your children. They are well and are well behaved. Your grandmother is always the same. There is nothing else to tell you.

For three months M. Balbois faithfully discharged his mission, in spite of the animosity of the old woman, who saw in every visitor an enemy come to tear her away from her warm corner by the stove. On the other hand, the children were affectionate, and, little by little, he grew to love them.

He made thirteen visits and wrote the same worded letter thirteen times. But one day in April he couldn't finish with the formula: "There is nothing else to tell you." There was something else to tell. The two children were no longer in rags. Someone had mended their clothes and washed their little faces. It was a strange phenomenon. M. Balbois questioned little Bertha, the elder. She answered:

"It's mamma. But we mustn't say anything."

The child wouldn't give any more information. M. Balbois was interested and perplexed. He sat down on the old box, wrote a few lines and planted his elbows on the table, near his unfinished letter, his head in his hands. He thought of himself. His mind was filled with bitter memories.

A RATTLING at the door startled him out of his reverie. He turned his head and saw a young woman enter. She noticed him and drew back. But since he hurried to meet her, she halted.

"Mamma," cried little Bertha, running to the visitor.

She kissed the children and told them to go out on the sidewalk. Then she turned to M. Balbois. The old woman was still asleep behind the stove.

M. Balbois looked at his friend's wife. She wore a black hat and the full waves of her blonde hair set off an appealing face, with big tender eyes, in which there was an expression of deep-seated melancholy.

"How pretty she is! How pretty she is!" said M. Balbois to himself. But he made a great effort to be cold and severe.

"Madame," he began, "if I am here——"

She interrupted him.

"Yes, I know. Grandmother has told me. She can talk when she wants to. You are a friend of—of Monsieur Dulin. You send him news of the children. It was on their account that I came back. I had to see them again. I was unhappy. Yes—yes—I know that I have done wrong. But it wasn't altogether my fault. When we were married I was young and we were very poor. Life was harder for me than when I was with my parents. And it annoyed me to be poverty stricken and to have to do all the housework. Then I met the man with whom I ran away. He was very attractive and I fell in love with him."

"The scoundrel!" growled M. Balbois, recalling his own story.

"Don't say that!" she cried. "He was killed a year ago. I was left alone and so unhappy that if it hadn't been for the children—— But I wanted to see them again. At first I didn't dare to. I assure you that I have thought things over and understand them better now. I know that I could have been happy with my husband if I had had more courage and experience. I know that I am guilty in his eyes. But he can't prevent my seeing the children, now that I have found them. I work all day, and I have only this thought—to come and see them in the evening. I am so lonely and unhappy. I admit that I have no excuse."

Her voice began to tremble. M. Balbois, lowering his eyes, believed that he was listening to the repentant voice of another, which he had long vainly hoped to hear. He answered Dulin's wife as he would have answered his own wife, had she returned to him:

"Yes. Yes. There are excuses. We were both in the wrong. We didn't understand each other. Our happiness didn't satisfy us. Stay. You know that I forgive you——"

The young woman gave a start of surprise. M. Balbois came back to earth. What had he been saying? He corrected himself quickly.

"He forgives you. You know that. He will be happy again. Here," he added, leading her to the table, "you can finish the letter to him which I began."

FOR some days thereafter he suffered from an intense depression. Life seemed hateful to him. The institution in which he earned his living was a jail, peopled by envious colleagues and insolent pupils. His *brasserie* was also a jail, a self-chosen prison, in which for years he had spent his time perorating before half-drunken companions.

Recalling his early ambitions, he smiled bitterly. But the keenest regret he had was when he thought of the woman who had once been his wife and who, wearying after a time of their poverty, had left him in the lurch. And that thought, which for years had faded into the background of his memories, now tortured him persistently.

He hadn't even the courage to enter the coffee house, where he usually took his dinner. He made a meal of a piece of bread and a cup of black coffee, which he swallowed at a bar. Then he shut himself up in his untidy room. He took a photograph out of a drawer and gazed at it in the light of the single gas jet.

It was she. He remembered the color of her big, soft eyes, and of her long silky hair. He recalled her supple figure, her shapely hands, her fascinating smile. He remembered that she had loved him before deserting him.

Some days later M. Balbois was on watch in the school playground. A servant told him a lady wanted to see him. He thought it must be the mother of one of his pupils and hurried to the reception room. The person whom he found there was perfectly unknown to

"How pretty she is! How pretty she is!" said M. Balbois to himself.

him. She was high-waisted, thin and angular, and wore an exceedingly plain dress, with a violet ribbon on her corsage. She had a long face and a parchment-like skin, with cold eyes showing behind gold-rimmed glasses.

"Monsieur César Balbois?"

He bowed.

"Don't you recognize me?"

She eyed him composedly. Balbois, greatly confused, searched his memory. Suddenly a horrible idea came to him. It was so fantastic that it made him shrug his shoulders. Yet he couldn't chase it away. It gripped him. He grew pale, then red.

"I see that you recognize me," the visitor continued. "I'll tell you why I came to see you. Once I did you a great wrong. I don't want to argue the question whether you weren't also partly to blame. The fact is incontestable. I did you a wrong. I am here to ask your pardon and to make reparation."

She spoke in a colorless voice. The intonation had no relation whatever to the sense of the words.

"You want me to forgive you?" Balbois stammered.

"Yes. And it is only proper, I repeat, that I should make reparation. I committed a fault, due to my youth. But it was only a temporary slip. I recovered my balance. I went to work. By my own efforts I have won an enviable position. I have made inquiries about you, César, and about the way you live. I have come to say to you: 'Quit this Bohemianism, which is so unworthy of you and in which you have stagnated. I offer you the means to do it!'"

Balbois remained silent. She went on:

"I am also engaged in teaching. But not as a salaried employé. I own at Saint-Cloud a school for young girls. It is an institution of the first class. I founded it with an associate who has just died. I hold the house in my own name. It is also yours, since I am legally still Madame César Balbois. Come and join me. Your age and your respectable appearance permit you to do so. You can take charge of the upper classes. I will say frankly that if people hear that we live apart it may injure me. I also need certain authorizations from you. But these considerations are minor. I assure you that my chief purpose is to repair the moral injury I have done you."

Balbois said nothing. Compared with the life offered him his present life now seemed satisfactory, and even inviting. The cheap restaurant where he ate, the *brasserie* where he was free, even the poor room which he called his home, suddenly became precious in his eyes. Yet it wasn't that feeling which made him tremble, when, with a great effort to appear calm, he said to his caller:

"I forgive you. I will sign any authorizations you wish. I will show myself twice a year at your school. That is all. I want nothing from you."

Mme. Balbois was offended and tried to argue with him. But he cut her short.

"Go. I tell you to go!"

He shook with annoyance and anger. It wasn't at all because she had abandoned him that he suffered now. It was because this jaundiced person had by her visit destroyed the single memory which had brightened his shabby life—the sole image of love, however cruel, which had remained to him from the far-off days of his youth.

THE END

NINE MONTHS *in the* DEATH HOUSE

By WILLIAM M. CREASY

Picture by GEORGE W. GAGE

"For God's sake, don't kid me!"

FINAL INSTALLMENT

This is the second installment of the narrative of a man condemned to the electric chair in Sing Sing prison, New York, who never lost hope of his ultimate freedom, and who finally was freed after almost a year's existence within the fateful walls of the prison building which harbored only those sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law.

I WAS in the death house cells in Sing Sing at last. I was naked save for a blanket, but pretty soon a negro, Bill Watkins, fetched me a suit of prison clothes. Bill worked around the death house, but he was not under sentence of death. He was not a cheerful person. His surroundings were hardly calculated to foster a buoyant spirit.

They fetched me something to eat—ham, eggs, coffee, milk, bread, and apple sauce. It was good. All the food we got in the death house was good, and there was plenty of it. In the cells opposite mine were two Italians. One of them, Robert Rafarelli, gave the keeper several lumps of sugar for my coffee.

I began to take stock of my surroundings. I was in the old death house. The new one was not quite completed. The cells were arranged in two tiers of twelve cells each. I was in the upper tier and had as neighbors eleven condemned men—nine white men and two negroes. The cell beneath mine was not occupied. All told there were twenty-three of us.

Rafarelli and four others had been convicted of kidnaping and murdering a boy named Varotta, the five-year-old son of a peddler who lived on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Blackstone, the negro who occupied the cell adjoining mine, had killed a woman in the Bronx.

And then I settled down to the routine of the condemned cells.

We smoked a great deal. I do not believe there is a place in the world where men smoke more. Tobacco heart worried none of us. We were not permitted to have matches, but the guards would always light fags for us and pass them through the bars to us. We read. The library was ours to command. I read very light stuff principally, although I read some of Wilde, Shaw, Dickens, Longfellow, and once attempted Tolstoi.

We played checkers, each man having a board and pieces in his own cell and calling his moves to his opponent in another cell. We were given the newspapers every day, and for a while this was a source of agony. For example, I'd read of the new plays, what people were doing, coming celebrations, news from Kentucky and Virginia —*my* states.

Bill Watkins was our manicurist, but you wouldn't dare kid Bill about it. He had a pair of nail clippers, and when we'd call for it he'd use them on our fingers.

Dismal as the condemned cells are, and especially the old cells, hope flourishes there. Of the twenty-three men there were only two or three who did not believe that something was going to save them from the chair. We'd assure each other and ourselves, over and over again, that we would be reprieved.

I do not know how many of them were. But all of them insisted they were guiltless, and the funny part of it is even those men who admitted they had murdered kept on insisting they were innocent, or, at least, that they should not die for what they had done.

THERE was Smith, who had killed a woman in Brooklyn. Smith was a sort of spiritualist. He'd hold conversations, he said, with persons whom he alone could see. He'd tell us he had been visited during the night by the murdered woman, who had forgiven him.

He sang frequently and at any hour. Hymns were his choice—Rock of Ages, When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, Blest Be the Tie That Binds, and Nearer, My God, to Thee.

He was electrocuted one cold night in January. Almost always the men know, thirty days in advance, when they are to go over. Smith knew. He didn't abandon that all pervading hope that something would save him at the last minute, but his singing increased day by day. On the day before his electrocution he sang until he fell from exhaustion.

The next morning Smith was calmer. He sang and prayed until night. His cell was next to Rafarelli's. After dark the Rev. Mr. Peterson, the Protestant chaplain, went to him and prayed with him. They sang together—Abide with Me. The guards came with the black clothes men wear for the chair—a coarse muslin shirt, a black, baggy coat, trousers, socks, and carpet slippers. The right leg of the trousers is slit up the inner seam to the knee so the electrode may be fastened to the bare calf. Contrary to popular belief, the hair is not shaved from the top of the head. It is not necessary.

Then the man about to die is removed to the last minute cell—the jump-off, as we called it. It is nearest the iron door into the execution chamber. The hour of death is eleven o'clock at night.

Smith was the first to go while I was in the condemned cells. He admitted to us that he had killed the woman.

"But she made me do it," he would say. "She made me do it. I didn't know what I was doing. They oughtn't to electrocute me. I ought to have had second degree."

But they did electrocute him. The prison officials opened the door of his cage and Smith came out in his funeral garments. He looked like death. His hands were clasped at his chest. He was looking at the ceiling. He began singing Abide with Me, wildly, hurriedly.

Suddenly the singing stopped. A door clanged. He had entered the last-minute cell. It must have been about a quarter of eleven. We could hear him mumble prayers, and Mr. Peterson's steadier voice was leading him.

The lights went out. I was sitting on my cot. I don't know why, but I was holding my hands over my ears. I saw Blackstone clinging to the bars in front of his cell. I ran to the front of my cell and grasped the bars.

A YOUNG Man Sentenced to Die in Sing Sing Prison Tells of His Experiences While Awaiting His Turn in the Electric Chair

Smith was singing Abide with Me. It had been his favorite. They had sung it at his sister's funeral, he had said.

Then the singing stopped again. Smith shouted, "Good-by."

"So long, Smitty!" yelled Blackstone.

"I'll be waiting for you over there, boys," came Smith's voice.

"So long! So long!"

We clung to the bars for what seemed like an hour. Why did it take so long to bump him off? What were they doing?

And then that horrible THUMP! And then the cry, "Me next! Me next!"

FATHER CASHIN, the Catholic chaplain, called on me every day, as he did on the other men in the cells. Of the fifteen men I said good-by to just before they went over, nine were led to their death by Father Cashin—a wonderful man.

He never kidded a condemned man. He never told a man that he had a chance when there seemed to be none. Rather, he prepared them for death. Father Cashin's personality was as great a sustaining force as his gospel. There was a fairness about him, a Godliness, a serenity that comforted us. Many men have gone to the chair sustained by this priest's faith and his great spirit.

He used to call me "the Kentucky Colonel" and he would discuss everything with us except our execution. I've often marveled at the strong mind and will of this man. Think of the confessions he has locked in his breast—confessions which are sacred to him. Think of all he has seen. And yet he remains kind and calm and tender. A great man.

As the weeks passed and I saw man after man march off to death—calm, frenzied, singing, praying, cursing—I grew hard. I kept repeating to myself, "I'll never die in that chair. I'll never die in that chair." I convinced myself that I'd not be electrocuted.

"No," I'd tell myself, "not even if the Court of Appeals does fail to grant me a new trial, I'll never die in that chair."

I had studied out two ways to kill myself. I think that they would have worked—either of them. But I resolved to postpone trying them until the last minute. Of course I knew that many other men had tried to cheat the chair by suicide and had failed. But I had a way. I'm not going to reveal it.

I had been in the condemned cells five months when I received from Mr. Uterhart the minutes of my first trial and a copy of the brief he had submitted to the Court of Appeals asking a reversal of my conviction. All of us read it, from Father Cashin and the Rev. Mr. Peterson, the Protestant chaplain, down to Robert Blackstone. And all of them except Father Cashin assured me that I'd get a new trial. Father Cashin said nothing.

ON FRIDAY, JULY THIRTEENTH, the Court of Appeals ruled in my favor!

One of the keepers woke me up (I had fallen into the sleep of exhaustion) to tell me the good news. And all that I could say was:

"For God's sake, don't kid me."

The death of Edith Lavoy received so much publicity that I need not go into detail. I, born on a farm in Albemarle County, Virginia, had learned the foundryman's trade. In the early part of 1920, while I was working in the car shops of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at Silver Creek, Kentucky, I joined a correspondence club and was introduced, by mail, to Miss Lavoy, who was then teaching school in Gloversville, N. Y.

I liked her letters. A strike threw me out of work. She was then teaching in Freeport, Long Island. I went to visit her. I liked her as well as her letters. She liked me. She was intelligent, educated, vivacious, and pleasure loving. Her income was larger than mine and I could not hope to give her the social advantages she wanted.

My schooling had been meager. I understood that she would not be happy with me. But we loved each other. In the winter of 1921-1922 I tried to study that I might be more than a mechanic. But I couldn't study. I didn't know how. We were engaged to be married. I wrote, telling her that I could not offer her much, that perhaps it would be best if she'd release herself from the engagement. She refused. On June 22, 1922, I went to Freeport to convince her she had better call our engagement off. I spent that and the following day in her company.

On the night of the twenty-third I went to the house where she and her chum, Mildred Sheldon, boarded. Miss Sheldon went out and Edith and I lay down on a couch. It was warm and I removed my coat, hanging it on the back of a chair near the couch. In the pocket I had my pistol. I had always carried this weapon. Silver Creek was a lonely place and nearly all of us workers carried guns for self-protection.

I fell asleep on the couch. Edith and I had talked about our impossible engagement, and she had been crying bitterly. I fell asleep. I was awakened by a report. Edith had shot herself. The bullet had entered her brain.

People's exhibit "thirty-two" convicted me. It was a letter purporting to have been written by Edith to me. I had never received any such letter. Edith had not written it. Yet one of Edith's fellow teachers testified that it was in Edith's handwriting. It was to the effect that she did not love me; that love could not be forced, and that surely I did not want a wife who could not love me.

Even in the first trial the handwriting experts for both the prosecutor and me testified the letter had not been written by Miss Lavoy. They went further and told the court that the letter was the work of the young woman who swore Edith had written it.

THE Court of Appeals had ruled that the letter was inadmissible at my second trial, and then Mr. Uterhart staged one of the most dramatic of court scenes. He had the very couch on which Edith and I had been lying the night of her death fetched into court. He placed a chair near by. On the back of it he hung his coat.

He lay in the position Edith's body had been found. He reached over, put his hand into the pocket of the coat, took out the very same pistol, and, holding the muzzle against his temple, pulled the trigger.

There was the click of the hammer. The jury shuddered, but was convinced it had been easy for Edith to do what my lawyer had done.

The jurors retired at seven o'clock. At four o'clock in the morning of January 22, 1924, they returned their verdict:

"Not guilty."

Mildred Sheldon, who had testified against me, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Billy," she cried, "I'm so glad."

THE END

The Fiddling Fool

By
GAYNE DEXTER

Pictures by
GLEN A. MITCHELL

Slowly the blade came down . . . . He expected applause. Instead, Morgan catapulted forward. M

I.

KEMBLA, the Fiddling Fool, sprawled on No. 1 hatch in the dislocated attitude of a man who sleeps where he falls. Bloated morning clouds, ruddied by the sun's first lash, sagged on gray waters growing blue. Through these the rusty island steamer crept, hooted her arrival, and warped in with much clanging of telegraphs and shouting of native crew and wharfboys. But to Kembla sound and bustle meant as little as time and place in a world wiped out with gin.

When the hatch came off he rolled into the scuppers and lay there while derricks dipped and winches screeched and cargo banged on the wharf below. At last stealthy hands lifted him into the sling. He floated up into realms of sea gulls, cirrus and eternal tropic blues until the winch reversed and the sling rushed down with its last load—cases of salmon, cans of milk, and one skimpy white man, all bumping and spilling about the wharf.

After one startled look, the half-caste tally clerk, whose bills of lading showed no record of a bum, went to find Morgan; but by the time Morgan was aroused and lumbering to the wharf derricks were swung back, ropes cast off, old engines half-astern and the tramp backing out. Captain Mitchell, from the bridge, jeered Morgan on.

"Come on, porpoise. Look what Santa brought you."

Morgan panted over Kembla. His inspection with a disapproving foot showed no profit in the little man.

"Mitchell," he roared. And when Morgan roared all that was human in Byem-bi edged for cover. "Mitchell, did I order this?"

With growing yards of Pacific between himself and the trader, Mitchell could smile in safety. "A little present. Thought you'd like music with your meals."

"Well, I don't. And if——"

"Course you don't. Pearls before swine, that's what I'm giving you. Barring seven continents, that old bird's the world's champion fiddler. I picked him up in Suva and wouldn't be throwing him away now only I got all the musical education the ship's liquor'll stand for." Captain Mitchell's fingers spread disparagingly from his nose. "If you don't like him—eat him! Long-pig for a big, fat swine," he bawled. "Here, catch!"

He tossed a violin case which bounced once and rested on Kembla's stomach. Again Morgan bellowed; the license of an island potentate swelled and blustered in him and came roaring over terraced flesh. Stooping, he wrapped great arms about Kembla, picked up this ragged gauntlet to his majesty and plunged to the end of the wharf, where he stood like a full-bellied ape with the little man swung high above his head and every muscle set to hurl him after the receding ship.

"Take this dead-beat back," he yelled, and heaved.

KEMBLA fell far short. Water closed over him, clear water through which they could see him sink into weeds, then a blur and many bubbles. Satisfied to let him drown, Morgan stamped away, driving his native boys ahead. The captain's uneasy moments ended when Kembla reappeared.

Kembla made no effort to reach either dock or tramp, but just hung in the water wondering why a man who could swim couldn't summon courage to drown. Presently he paddled to the landing stage, crawled up, and searched among the crates and sacks for his violin.

Kembla had come to Byem-bi.

Strange little fellow drying there in sun. White hair, so long that it reached shoulders behind, and lay wet and lank agai his cheeks bleached, not browned, by five a twenty tropic years. Fear seemed to have cre into the very pigment of his skin and left h forever pallid. Momentary emotions showed eyes that blazing days had driven into de craters, but those eyes had no depths. Behi each a screen was drawn—the mind, rebelli shuttered itself against starkness, and let u guided feet come stumbling over the latitud from Penang to Suva, and farther south until t sea's last stepping stone was Byem-bi.

Those feet limping in foolish jigs, skinny ar and fingers that sawed out music with a b while he postured and clowned and screwed h face into crazy grimaces—these were comm property of all who would buy a drink or toss shilling to Kembla, the Fiddling Fool. O what his eyes hid remained to Kembla, the artis and of the man—fifty-five-year-old bones jutti where khaki trousers and singlet clung.

At noon Kembla stirred. With violin c tucked beneath his arm, he shuffled into the ordered habitation, along a road that lay in like a dead snake; here and there lantana ov ran; bungalows dropped at maudlin angl kicked over in disgust by former tenants, n

. . . stunned. Here was something she had seen; every detail, unforgettably pictured, shocked her.

A Weird Story of the South Seas, and a Beach Comber Who Turned Executioner to Save a Girl from a Fate Worse Than Death

ng on props from which rubbish hung. ss warped timbers and rusted iron walls of s and factories were scrawled the names, gan & Berri.

few naked children eyed Kembla curiously out following him; native women watched huts and shanties. "*Talofa*" he greeted, received no response; and in their faces he ined sullen acceptance of slavery.

This," he decided, "is a one-man town."

MBLA'S own particular heaven stood in a grove above the village—whitewashed, in- g, and unguarded when he reached its door. rst glance he perceived only two long tables or dinner; messroom apparently; but chink- glasses heartened him, and as the sun's glare his eyes he made out five men at a bar. Boldly ntered.

A wandering minstrel craves audience, gent- n," he announced. "A little music for a little k. A little dance for a shilling, and a com- performance by Kembla, the Fiddling Fool, a seat at your table."

e five swung about, stared in silence, but re one recognized him and started forward bla's fiddle was under his chin, his bow ing the strings.

Say, mate; ain't you the——"

"Correct, sir; quite correct. Kembla, artist extraordinary, court jester to the uncrowned kings and tribal chieftains of the South Sea Isles. Thrown out of the best hotels from Java to Tahiti. Dancing done. Fiddling while you wait. *Faites vos joues;* call your shots."

"You're a darned pest! I remember you in Apia."

Kembla was already racing into his first number, and loathing himself for the tattered air. At the second chorus Morgan came. Clerks and plantation overseers fell discreetly back. He loomed before Kembla, fold upon fold of him, from close cropped head to arms held across bulging stomach, an angered joss. He glared down at the little man, who vaguely fitted this blubber into some earlier misfortune, but fiddled gamely.

"Aren't you the——" Morgan began.

Kembla bowed elaborately. "Correct, sir; quite correct. Kembla, artist extraordinary," he pattered. "Court jester to——"

"Never mind that. Aren't you the bummer I drowned this morning?"

The musician's jaws snapped tight. Light, deeper and fiercer than any man had seen before, flashed in his eyes. He squared, mobilizing puny muscles; bones stood out as he beat his chest with clenched fists and strode two paces.

"You—you threw Kembla into the sea!" he shouted.

But the fleshy mountain—and the weakness of his own flesh, hunger and thirst within sight of food and drink—cowed him. Eyes still burned, but his face turned punchinello. He danced a step —*hop-skippety-hop-skippety-hop!*

"You threw Kembla into the sea," Kembla chanted. "That's just what a gentleman would do."

"You're not such a fool as you look," Morgan commented, and brushed him away with the back of his hand. Caught between steps, Kembla clawed wildly to regain equilibrium, but fell with a clatter of violin, bow, and his own old bones. He lay spread-eagled, from stinging cheek to stinging brain berserk—the rest of him trembling, manacled with littleness.

Morgan picked up the violin and bow and strummed contemptuously at first; then, growing confident, essayed a tune. And there he found the limit of his power. The hand that wielded scepter at Byem-bi could produce no more than ugly discord from a derelict's fiddle. Suddenly Kembla laughed neither humorously nor intentionally—rather, a sneer, set to hysteria, escaped.

"VIOLIN lessons a shilling an hour," he offered from the floor. "Ab-so-lutely taught by hand. Woo new wives with a serenade." He was up now and capering toward the bar, but Morgan jerked him back.

"How long did it take you to learn?"

Kembla saw all hope vanish when professional pride flowed through him and made him answer, "Forty years!" Deliberately Morgan put the violin aside. "A jest, a jest!" Kembla despaired. "Uttered only for a smile, and a smile is worth a drink."

"I didn't laugh," said Morgan. "Now make me!"

Kembla clowned. Up and down this ill set stage he pranced, bordered by two tables on whose soiled napery knives and forks jigged to his jigging; shuffle-and-step, shuffle-and-step, went bare feet on bare floor. Always he watched Morgan, watched for a smile, listened for a laugh. None came. He coughed ditties, hollow from a hollow stomach. Soon Morgan, tables,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reserve power wins
in cleaners as in crews

The light shells jump at the pistol shot . . . a rhythmic sweep of oars in the sunlight . . . two miles . . . then three . . . the finish in sight, bodies swing back and forth faster . . . faster . . . heart-breakingly faster . . . sirens shriek, pennants wave, hats sail aloft . . . again reserve power has swept the blue and gold to victory.

* * *

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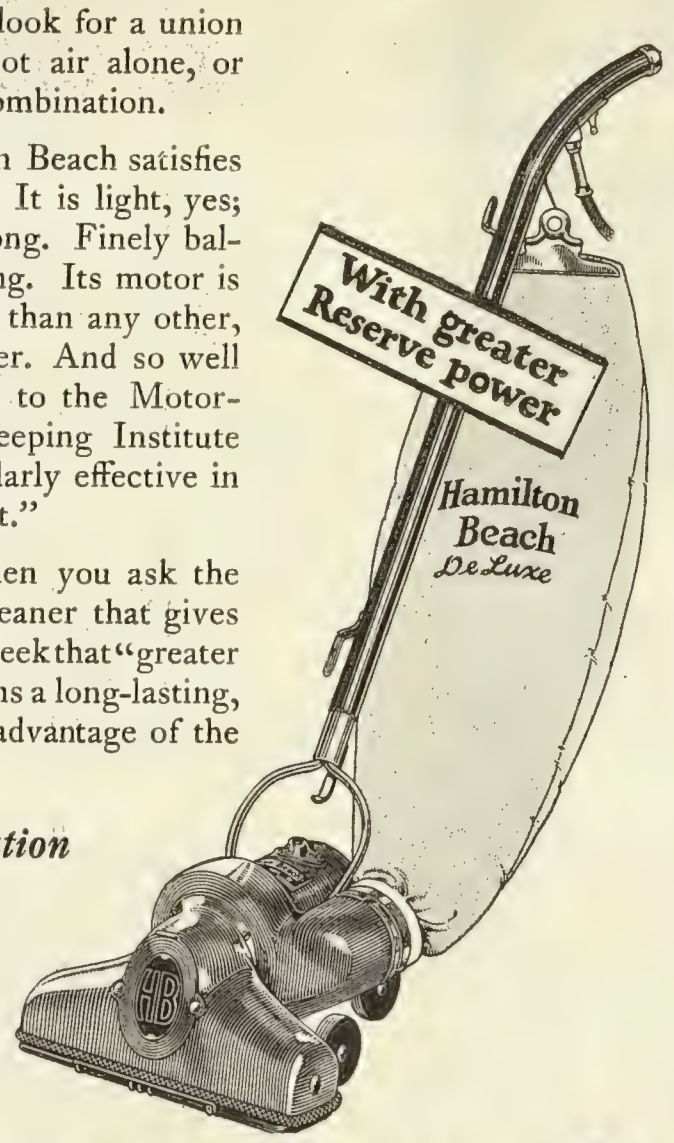

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

men, bottles whirled about him, faster, dizzily, each in rote, but as indistinguishable as horses of a merry-go-round stampeding. Light, wedged in the doorway, punctuated each revolution; and at the next Kembla faced a wraith. Ditty and dance ceased.

A girl stood at the entrance, smiling, then alarmed as Kembla fled forward, calling her name, "Mario! Mario" in vibrant appeal, whereas all before was a croak. But the world still rolled beneath Kembla and threw him against a table, which crashed and carried him, too. He lay numb among smothering cloth and trestles.

"She didn't see me," he prayed, hoarsely. "It was someone else. Not Mario."

Morgan's laugh rumbled. "Best fall I ever seen. Hey, come out and get your drink."

Kembla drank with averted glance, then hung exhausted to the bar while Morgan, the girl, and a newcomer, who looked like an island commissioner, sat to dine at one table and house boys restored the other for the clerks and overseers.

"Pretty specimen, ain't he, Miss Barnard? Oughta be in a book," Morgan declared. "Can y'expect a nigger to respect a white man when the islands are crawling with rats like him?"

Mario Barnard tittered as she always did over her brightest ideas.

"Mr. Layward, couldn't all these public disgraces be collected and left on an island somewhere?" she asked the commissioner. "I was never so shocked in all my life as when that—that filthy person called my name."

"S'pose he's seen you somewhere," Morgan interposed. "Hey, Kembla, turn to, there, and give us music with our meals. Says he can play anything, Miss Barnard, but I'll bet he's a liar. What'd you like?"

Mario stared distastefully at Kembla, whose sole offense was to know her name. From a perverse impulse to trip him she requested, "Let's see what he does know. Can he play Then You'll Remember Me from The Bohemian Girl?"

The Fiddling Fool half raised his violin, but, checking himself, mumbled a lie. . . .

II.

MARIO BARNARD could walk through a native bazaar and find nothing but odors. About trifles she expressed herself positively, in somebody else's words; from important impacts she rebounded harmlessly, with a desire to giggle. In all events but one, borrowed influences controlled her, although she never observed them and gloried in her own free will. So, when some fluent ad writer enlisted Mario among a noble army of martyrs to tour worn tropic routes, she surprised herself in Fiji by rebelling against tame ordering of her ways and seized emancipation from guides, sailing hours, and discretion.

With that fine freedom of twenty-one years and one hundred dollars a week, Mario gifted the balance of her cruise to the shipping company and adopted Layward, visiting island commissioner of fatherly age and a doddering futility that denied him official importance. Still, he was something to lean on; and, thus fortified Mario raked the outposts of Layward's circuit, remained here a week, there two, according to unscheduled tramps, saw little of much, and felt herself imprisoned by horizons, the chain of humpy, cloud-topped isles a corridor of cells.

ROMANCE, Mario had yet to learn, lay in retrospect. Color—human color in savage primaries contrasting blue monotones of endless seas and skies—splashed about her at Byem-bi.

Unconsciously Mario split the partnership of Morgan, the brute, and Berri, the oiled Malay who walked by night. There was no open break; two men, detecting common desire, recoiled—Morgan into still more flamboyant displays of authority, Berri into deeper nocturnal planning. By day he slept with Malayan content where the full sun poured into his room, or drowsily chewed betel nut on the veranda of the bungalow he shared with Morgan.

Through the night, however, and on till a red scimitar cut the horizon, oil lamps burned in his office. Sometimes Mario saw his silhouette, though sometimes when she chattered with Layward along the beach or over the crooning reef, and Morgan lumbered with them, she imagined Berri shadow-wrapped behind.

That suspicion Kembla could have confirmed. He lay lost in a palm clump where beach became reef; he lay flat on his back, so that he could see no part of himself, hot feet stretched seaward to the breeze. The half moon felt like a spotlight through idly flapping tree tops; just half a spotlight sufficed—Mario always held the other half. No, swore Kembla, not this chuckle-headed girl, blessed with her mother's body, line for line, grace for grace—until in his agony she had tricked him—but without the power, voice, wonder of the Mario who was dead.

Not much left of Mario; still less of *the* Kembla who had shared her triumphs—Paris, New York, London, Vienna, Berlin, he remembered—loved her, then sailed for a concert tour through the East Indies alone. Seeking color, new themes, arias older than Christendom. Picturesque. In-

"Take this dead-beat back," he yelled, and heaved.

censy. Unhurried. Couldn't go back, could you Kembla? Ugh! Shell of a man!

Voices came near, steps scuffed the sand. "Look, there's the beach comber," Miss Barnard discovered.

"That you, Kembla?" Morgan called.

"I wonder if he's dangerous," Mario tittered, and all three passed on.

LANTANA behind him rustled and he turned in time to glimpse a white clad figure pressed against shadows and paralleling the trio on the beach. Soon all returned, but now Kembla followed until Morgan left Mario and Layward at the commissioner's house and Berri filtered into a lighted store shed. His own course led naturally up the hill to the messroom, where two hours' fiddling earned three fingers of gin. At midnight they urged him out and departed for their separate abodes.

Kembla, huddled in his singlet, wandered miserably downward, then with brighter hope as he discerned the glow in Berri's shed. A Malay—even a westernized Malay—and a charcoal brazier were inseparable.

Before sidling in Kembla reconnoitered. Hedged about by crates and cases, Berri sat motionless, staring across his littered desk, his gaunt frame slouched in a chair. He appeared asleep when Kembla tiptoed in, but turned abruptly at the slight sound, instantly defensive.

A sneer glided over Berri's mouth. He shrugged. "Sacks over t'ere. Sleep wit' ot'er rats. Not'ing else e'cept—shut oop, leetle white jelly-fish!"

Either the persistent chill or Morgan's heavy entry awakened Kembla some time later, and, banished beyond the light, he watched unseen—Berri up and snarling, Morgan offering a smile.

"Forget it, Berri. Partners, y'know."

"Until t'is woman come."

"Still partners. Day after tomorrow she'll be gone."

"So?" challenged Berri. "T'e ship will sail; Layward will sail; but Mario is mine!"

"That looks like trouble."

"If anyone tries to stop me——"

Morgan sank into Berri's seat.

"It won't be me, Berri. I sort of had hopes about Mario, myself, but a good partner's better than a bad wife. And there's too many women to fight over one." He watched the other silently a while. "Is this the dope, Berri? A party tomorrow night in my joss house—she's never been there. *Bon voyage* business. Get the commissioner sozzled, then hide her over the hills until the ship quits."

"Morgan," demanded Berri, "do I talk in my sleep?"

"You figuring the same way?" Morgan laughed. "Well, it's yours, but I'll help if y'ask. Did you reckon to say she got drunk and musta wandered away—or frame a fellow for old Layward to hang?"

"Tam! You read in my eyes."

Morgan's hand went out. "Gonna shake?"

"If you will swear."

"Spit me death! Tomorrow night, party and all. And—*Berri! What the*——"

Into the light a scarecrow swayed, hunched with cold. "Is the court jester summoned to the feast?" Kembla asked.

Berri's sibilation cut the silence. "I do not t'ink t'e court jes-s-ster will be alive."

Nor did Kembla think so. Unable to understand the impulse which had brought him there, he blinked from Berri to Morgan.

"What does that dead-beat matter?" said Morgan after a while. "Let the poor fool fiddle, but keep him locked up here."

Walking home, he chuckled: it would be so easy afterward to get rid of Berri.

III.

BERRI worked spasmodically over books and accounts, but as night declined and cold increased he strode about, rubbing his hands. Ashen shapes crept in distant corners, windows became gradual squares of gray, and Berri squatted at the burner for final warmth before dawn. Kembla crawled to the other side . . .

Silence made small sounds great, but all were engulfed in uproar when rats dislodged an empty oil drum that rolled and clattered startlingly. Both leaped, Kembla full to his feet, Berri but part way.

And there, bent forward to half his height, with arms forked outward, fingers clutching, his whole body stiff with fear, the Malay petrified. Life fled from his face, from all of him except the eyes set dully upon Kembla, who stood aghast at this phenomenon.

"*Lâtah,*" Kembla whispered, first fearfully, then with a low, understanding whistle as he marked in Berri every symptom of the inexplicable mental disorder wherein sudden sound produces hypnosis in an afflicted Malay and makes him imitate the gestures of anyone in sight. A *lâtah*, afraid to risk discovery in the alarms of day, Berri was now as far beyond volition as a bird before a death-adder's eye.

Quickly Kembla plunged into violent motion. Up went his arms, down they came, out they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

went, around they swung; he beat his chest, touched his toes, grabbed imaginary bats from the air. But each movement was planned and separated by a distinct pause.

Action for action, Berri copied. Hypnotized by that falling drum into *lâtah* state, he stood as a ludicrous mirror, a brainless reflection.

Only the unexpectedness of his discovery startled the little man. In yellow alleys of the East he had marveled when the warning ring of a bicycle bell, as a boy scorched by, had flung a native into violent pedaling, a frenzy of churning legs, up and down, up and down on the hot road, neither advancing nor retreating, until he fell exhausted. Kembla had memories of torture, too. Had he pretended to seize an ember from the brazier Berri would have thrust his own hands into the fire and screamed as they burned, yet kept them there until the little man broke the trance.

Instead, Kembla slipped noiselessly away and vanished into beach mists. He had no immediate intention of warning Layward. Mario Barnard was not his daughter; rather, having spied him hiding under the equator, she suggested a lazaret. No, thank God, not his child, and yet a ghost between himself and endless lush. He sat conflicted. . . . Despondently he rose to find Layward, but a house boy dragged him before Morgan, who undermined heroics by locking him in a liquor storeroom.

OUTWARDLY Morgan's joss house, set high above the village, differed little from his bungalow, from which it was separated by a furlong of grove. Only inside did the dragon lie.

The place was a whim of Morgan's; it satisfied the yellow strain, outcropping from two generations back, that would have spread into complete devolution but for the reinforcement worldly goods gave to his white heritage. He needed these; without them Morgan might easily have "gone native" or "yellow," according to the latitude wherein chance marooned him.

So, in palliation, he sometimes took upon himself saffron vestments, lavish silken things that caressed his obesity, and strutted mandarinlike about this domain, or ate and sprawled, weaving from his nose twin snakes of smoke—offspring of the dragon in his blood.

Yet instinct went sadly astray in furnishing the lair. Trading skippers were even more at fault, and profitably so. They brought curtains, screens, and tapestries of many origins. Morgan paid their price; they laughed and returned with more — grotesque jars, a grinning joss, gaudy rubbish for floors already littered, walls much overhung.

Calling him Mandarin Morgan, they brought as his scepter a knife longer than his forearm, set point down in a teakwood pedestal.

Here wavered Kembla from a world where shadows danced about and bit him and the bibulous moon derided his attire. Someone—he couldn't say who, but a friend undoubtedly—someone had dragged him from the storeroom and smothered him in clothes just twice too large; no common suit of duck, but black cloth trousers that trailed about his feet, a vast open waistcoat, and a long-tailed coat with silk lapels roughly used by moths.

The idea was Morgan's, the evening suit a relic. They put shoes upon his feet and anointed his head with cocoanut oil until his hair lay back, silver sheened. Shirtless, collarless, the tattered singlet shamefully apparent, Kembla shuffled and grinned fatuously.

ALL four had withdrawn to the far end of the room while house boys removed the débris of a meal eaten squatting on the floor. Morgan looked his part. With a Chinese wrap pulled about him, he lounged among cushions, pedestal and knife enshrined behind.

Through half closed eyes he watched Mario, cushioned near. Faint blue iridescence danced from her bare shoulders and dissolved as perfume into Morgan's nostrils; quick imprints of her fair beauty flashed on Berri, who stood by Layward, giving momentary attention to his vaporings, again shooting lean glances toward the girl.

Clutching his violin, Kembla strode in as straight as he was able.

"Enter the third mur-r-derer," he croaked.

Mario Barnard giggled. Kembla eyed her sourly. Morgan answered Berri's look with a reassuring headshake.

"'Stonished," Layward muttered. "Beas'ly fellow's tight."

"Aye," cried Kembla. "Drunk with sorrow that Miss Barnard leaves, with joy that I am summoned to this feast. Not that I have dined, milords. No doubt the good King Morgan will endow me afterward. Meanwhile, what would you? I play"—he scraped a bar. "I dance"—jigging a step. "I sing"—he tried a note and temporized—"from a rusty larynx, but a right full heart."

"Wouldn't he just be immense on Broadway?" Mario whispered.

Kembla's tricks ran their gamut; he fiddled, capered, contorted, all in a fog which tangled his fingers and tripped his feet. The mummer's urge produced new foolishness. That sullen knife annoyed him; it looked so rigid in this wobbling universe, so fatal to festivity. He'd swallow it—a fine conceit. By and by he pranced to the pedestal and rested there a

while. Mario chattered; Morgan and Berri listened, while Layward slept.

Unobserved, Kembla took the knife; a chill from its haft ran through his hand and joined dying currents of his blood. The fog lifted slightly; he was growing cold. Things that had been blurs before took definition—little things like the glasses around Layward's couch; there were few elsewhere. He felt tired; hoped they'd let this trick be his last. Then, with the knife hidden beneath his coat, he skipped again.

"Behold the third murderer!" Light flashed on the blade as he whirled. "An old dog with new tricks. Introducing Kembla, world's champion knife thrower. Slices any hair you mention at a distance of twenty feet. Call your shots. You, Berri? The ring from your third finger. No?" The Malay sallowed and stared fearfully at this dervish. "Then you, Morgan? Which chin—second, third, or fourth? No?" Dramatically he halted and, bringing his left hand to his mouth, held the knife high above his head, point downward. "Lad-eez and gentlemen: There being no further call for my talent, I shall proceed to swallow my tools."

Slowly the blade came down, touched his lips, passed behind his hand, and slid harmlessly into the wide sleeve until only the hilt remained visible, while he gurgled to emphasize the performance. He expected applause. Instead Morgan catapulted forward and tore the knife away. Fear, superstition—premonition, perhaps—awoke instincts repressed in deference to the girl. Kembla felt himself lifted high and dashed bodily; his last recollection before darkness was Mario's scream.

MARIO BARNARD sat as stunned as the little man on the floor, and as white. Here was something she had seen; every detail, unforgetably pictured, shocked her.

"Mr. Morgan, that was the most cowardly thing I ever saw in my life," she said, shakily, and rose.

Morgan jabbed the knife into the pedestal. "That man's mad—and I don't like anyone fooling around like that. He's not hurt. See, he's getting up now."

Kembla climbed erect, staggered forward a few paces, and teetered as he fumbled blindly for the violin. Mario found it for him, but stepped quickly from eyes that stared, yet saw nothing, from the touch of hands that sensed nothing. Surely the dead walked—the dead played—for Kembla chinned the fiddle and automatically drew his bow. His lips moved.

"——little music for a little drink, little dance for a shilling, complete performance by the Fiddling Fool——"

"Look at him, Berri! Ain't that a circus?" jeered Morgan, who felt better now that his scepter was replaced, and squatted back for an unexpected show.

"I t'ink he's mad," the Malay whispered.

Yet Kembla was neither mad nor dead. He was on his feet—how or why, didn't matter. That he saw, felt, heard nothing meant less than that the stunned segment of his brain drove his limbs through old, accustomed motions. For Kembla *knew*.

He knew all things coolly, distinctly; events minutes ahead found him prepared; he had answers for questions and requests he didn't hear. Two Kanakas came to the far door behind and, at a signal from Berri, one departed, the other waited. It was all so plain that Kembla wanted to laugh. Instead, his lips made mechanical sounds.

"——dancing done. Fiddling while you wait. Call your shots——"

"Hey, Layward, wake up. You're missing the yell of your life," Morgan boomed. "He's dead, but he don't know it. Miss Barnard, try him on one! Hey, Kembla, Miss Barnard wants Then You'll Remember Me. See if he knows it now."

The girl rushed forward wide-eyed, and drew down his arms. The playing ceased.

"Please don't," she cried with strange tight

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Romance, Mario had yet to learn, lay in retrospect.

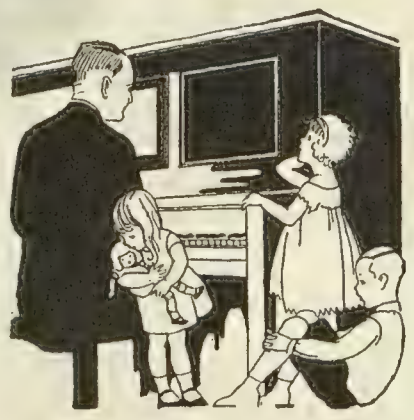
CAN'T you remember when you were a boy of twelve years, and Mother engaged a teacher to give you piano lessons?

AND you'd bust home from school, throw down your books, tear through the house to the barn, hide in the haymow and read "Nick Carter"—willing to take a switching instead of that "pesky piano lesson" (and got it too).

—And then

WHEN you got into college you looked back—"wished you'd been good" and taken those piano lessons. You envied the chap who could sit down and play and entertain the other fellows—and himself.

AS the years rolled on you often said to yourself, "I'd give 'most everything to be able to play the piano." You can.



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

voice, and wheeled about. "Morgan, you beast, you——"

Dully Kembla spoke. "Madame Mario's principal contribution this evening will be Then You'll Remember Me — accompanied by Kembla on the violin."

THE girl turned. Only the scarecrow stood there, silent again, with nothing in his eyes to answer her appeal. Nor did he move to play—just swayed. Crying suddenly, she stumbled past Morgan, through the door, to the veranda, far into friendly palms.

"I t'ink I go, too," said Berri.

He had reached the door before Morgan called him back.

"Quiet," cautioned the Malay. "Drunks have ears, madmen see. Whisper." He stood at the pedestal, bending forward over Morgan's shoulder. "What do you want?"

Kembla straightened. His feet gripped the floor and power rushed through old sinews as he swung the fiddle up; every finger set the strings as the bow swept. Discord leaped out and into Berri's brain. *Lâtah* took him; his eyes struck the Fiddling Fool.

Kembla's bow hand grasped some fancied thing, Berri's closed about the knife; and when Kembla raised the bow high for another downward sweep serpents, cut into the blade, awoke and flashed in light and looked down eagerly on Morgan's back.

* * * * *

Island Commissioner Layward wrote his version as a first report and mailed it by the ship that came and left the next day..

> A noise, which I cannot explain, awakened me (it read in part), and although I regret to say I had partaken rather liberally, I was in full possession of my faculties and can give an accurate description of what had occurred.
>
> Berri stood behind Morgan with a knife upraised in his left hand, but before I could shout a warning he had plunged it downward into Morgan's back on the left side. Berri acted as though in a trance, which seemed to break when I jumped forward. He fled into the hills and is now being pursued by a punitive expedition composed of men in the company's employ. A Kanaka and a beach comber named Kembla were the only others present.
>
> The Kanaka confirms my report, but Kembla, strangely enough, has no recollection of the crime. Miss Barnard, who was there earlier in the evening but left before the murder, is returning to Suva by this boat, on her way to America.

THE END

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.....

Under the clown's makeup is Monte Blue, playing Debureau in Warner Brothers' production, The Lover of Camille.

The LOVER *of* CAMILLE

A Movie Review by ALVA TAYLOR

WHENEVER a moving picture is made from a successful novel or play, expectation runs high and criticism is harsh if the picture does not seem to be all it might be. The Lover of Camille, or Debureau, as it is called in its stage incarnation, is one of those pictures which has much to live up to because of its origin as a David Belasco success.

The Lover of Camille is entertaining. It succeeds in giving the mood and atmosphere of the French story of the great Debureau. It has fine moments and a general tone of good production and direction. The elaborate stage effects and costumes were approved by David Belasco. Every precaution seems to have been taken in the character study of Debureau. But the picture as a whole seems to us to lack movement and a working up to climax.

In the play the highest points of the drama lie in the father and son episodes, while Marie Duplissis, the Lady of the Camellias, is a fleeting episode, a breath of loveliness who drifts into the story to give an atmosphere of mysterious femininity.

In the moving picture one feels the attempt on the part of the producers to make of the son an important and romantic figure, but the temptation to make much of the allure of Camille is too much for them. Instead of merely allowing her personality to color the story, they make her, along with Debureau, a central figure, bring in all her family affairs, and give her at least ten times as much prominence as the son.

Possibly this is because Marie Prevost draws a larger salary than Pierre Gendron, and possibly, also, it is a concession to a romance-greedy public which is supposed to want sex in the movies, and doesn't care even if it is at the sacrifice of something vital to the artistry of a production. Whether or not the producers of The Lover of Camille made a good guess or not remains to be seen.

We felt that the main idea of the original play, the training of the son to follow in the footsteps of the great Debureau, master pantomimist of France, was neglected too much because of this dwelling upon the Camille theme.

We should have liked a bigger climax in the final scene, when Debureau, broken hearted and unable to go through with his rôle the night he makes his comeback to the stage, makes up his son as the clown, and sends him out on to the stage to take his place. At this point in the movie the attention of the audience is drawn away from this dramatic scene and made to give eye to the death of Camille.

But then, Marie Prevost had at last been given a chance to offer up to the gods of drama some highly emotional acting, of which she did not wish to be deprived. We really thought Marie Prevost miscast in this picture. She is a piquantly charming young woman, but she is not a Camille. There are so many parts that she can do well and fittingly that it seems a pity to attempt making an emotional actress of her.

MONTE BLUE gives a satisfying performance of a rather difficult rôle. As the clown he is given an opportunity to show of what dramatic stuff he is made.

The French atmosphere is helped along considerably in the picture by means of two French people in the cast. Pierre Gendron, who plays the younger Debureau, is of French parentage, and looks it. Rose Dione, French actress, has a small part as Madame Debureau which she plays with French gestures and spirit.

Willard Louis contributes some of his usual comic touches. Warner Brothers will have to put a fat man character into all their pictures, for Mr. Louis possesses a pleasing ability to entertain. We always enjoy him.

Next Week: *The Beauty Prize*

Plucking the Fruits of Labor

By Alva Taylor

Honest talent and hard work will not be denied, even in the movies where the former frequently is buried in mediocre pictures and the latter is often unrecognized. Here are four whose rise to stardom has been no accident.

THE MOVIE PUBLIC first became aware of Betty Compson some years ago in The Miracle Man. Since then she has constantly improved her technique, until today she is rated one of the screen's leading actresses with no rôle too difficult for her. And, mind you, Betty was once a bathing girl, that almost inexhaustible school for cinema dramatic actresses.

THE LONG HAIR HELPED, but it is more than tresses that has elevated Norma Shearer to rapid stardom. Here is a young lady who is as different from the bobbed haired flapper types recently in the camera's eye as the vamp is from the ingénue. Miss Shearer has a fresh sympathetic note that is causing her popularity to grow by leaps and bounds.

IT WAS YEARS before directors discovered that Mr. Menjou was not merely a handsome villain type, but one of the most intelligent actors on the screen. The first to discover this was none other than Charles Spencer Chaplin.

A LOST LADY? No, indeed. Irene Rich is a most discovered one. So much so that she has been given the important leading role in the screen version of Willa Cather's great book, A Lost Lady.

GLORIOUS GLORIA, CHAMELEON OF THE SCREEN

LONG HAIR, short hair, saint and sinner, vamp and ingénue, mannequin and dramatic actress, you never quite catch up with Gloria Swanson on the screen. She has as many facets as a diamond, and glows with the same fire. Manhandled saw her forsake her usual clothes-displaying rôles, to astonish the movie world by her characterization. Miss Swanson is in France, making Madame Sans Gêne, with the help of the French Government.

George M. Cohan as he appeared in Little Johnny Jones.
White Photo

TWENTY YEARS

And the Years It

By GEORGE M.

The Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage—Written by Himself

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

CHAPTER XXV.

COHAN AND HARRIS.

THE season of 1903-'04 we toured the country with Running for Office, playing all the principal cities from New York to San Francisco.

Josie, my sister, had been married, now, for over two years and she and her husband (who was also a performer) had decided that being separated was a hardship they could no longer endure. The result was that they signed a joint contract to appear in one of Klaw and Erlanger's attractions the following season. This arrangement naturally meant the breaking up of the trade-mark.

"Why don't you write a play and star yourself, Georgie?" Josie suggested. "Mother and Dad would be tickled to pieces to play two parts for you." Then, to them, "Wouldn't you, folks?"

"I think that's what you should do," agreed Dad.

"So do I," echoed Mother, and so it was settled that the season of 1904-'05 would find me an individual star.

On the way back from the coast I slipped a chorus boy into my part, left the troupe in Vancouver, and got into New York during the early part of April to lay my plans for the new play.

After a short consultation with A. L. Erlanger, it was understood that I was to open in a Broadway theater the following September.

"What's the name of the piece?" asked Erlanger.

"Little Johnny Jones!" I replied.

"What's it all about?" he inquired.

"Wait till you see it. It's the best thing I've ever done." As a matter of fact, I hadn't done it at all. All I'd thought of, so far, was the title, and that struck me as being a hundred per cent "box office."

I took desk room in the Miner Lithographing Company's offices in the Sheridan Building at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, engaged a cast and chorus, signed agreements with scenic artists and carpenters for the painting and building of the production, ordered costumes, props, and printing, and, inside of two weeks' time, was all set and ready—with the exception of writing the play. I'd been to London the summer before and had conceived the idea of using the Cecil Hotel courtyard for one scene and the Southampton pier for another, but beyond that I had given no thought to story, situations, or musical numbers, and was far too busy to get down to actual writing until about ten days before the rehearsal call.

"What you ought to have around you is some fellow who could take the business burdens off your mind," suggested Walter Moore of the Miner Company one afternoon as he hopped on the side of my desk for a "pow wow."

"Do you happen to know any manager with a whole lot of money who wants to buy in on a sure-fire hit?" I was half "kidding" when I said this, but he took it seriously.

"Sure I do. There's a little guy right over there that'll take a chance," and he pointed to Sam Harris, who was at another end of the room looking over a scene model with A. H. Woods, a partner of his in several melodramas at the time.

"Hey! Sam!" Walter called out. "Come over here a minute."

Harris and I started a joke conversation about the matter. It seemed that, as we talked along, we sort of warmed up to each other. That evening we went to dinner together. The next day we both attended a song writers' outing given by a crowd known as the Words and Music Club. Crossing the ferry, on the way back from Staten Island that night, we shook hands (which was the only contract ever existing between us) and formed the partnership of Cohan and Harris.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE "TWENTY-THREE" CLUB.

WHEN I got through with the manuscript of Little Johnny Jones I had an old-fashioned comedy melodrama "all dressed up" in songs and dances.

"You can't play a mob scene, shoot off guns and dash from heroics into a musical number. The public will never stand for it," said Theo-

ON BROADWAY

Took to Get There

COHAN

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here! At the end of the previous installment, which was the seventh of the series, Mr. Cohan told how he turned a vaudeville skit of his, Running for Office, into a three-act musical play for The Four Cohans. It became their first real New York hit. In this installment he resumes his much discussed narrative.

dore Kreamer, a writer of popular melodramas, after witnessing my dress rehearsal.

"Well, it's new, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's new, of course, but——"

"Then at least they'll have to give me credit for trying."

That was the only argument I had to offer.

I was superstitious enough to book Hartford as the opening stand, hoping to follow along the luck of The Governor's Son. Little Johnny Jones was a smashing hit, possibly one of the biggest in the history of American musical comedy.

Our first New York engagement with the piece, nevertheless, was a queer experience. We came into the Liberty Theater and the opening performance was apparently a sensational success. The indifference of both press and public, however, was so pronounced that, after seven weeks of half-filled houses, we took to the road, pretty well convinced that New York would have none of it.

We moved to Philadelphia, where the play proved such a popular hit that we were immediately recalled to Broadway, where we reopened at the New York Theater, and ran to capacity audiences for weeks and weeks. Of course, this was to a scale of popular prices, but the speculators were on the sidewalk collecting fancy premiums just the same. It was the one and only Broadway "comeback" I have ever known or heard of.

WE got busy at once and organized a second Johnny Jones troupe and sent it throughout the country while I continued to play New York and Philadelphia, and, later on, Boston and Chicago. It was what is known as a "freak attraction," from a box-office standpoint, but the critics didn't take very kindly to my personal performance of the title rôle.

"A swaggering, impudent, noisy vaudevillian, entirely out of place in first class theaters" was the opinion of one of New York's foremost dramatic experts. Another prominent critic characterized me as "The musical comedy nuisance." I thought back to the days of the Buffalo Advertiser, when I could write my own notices.

An idea struck me. "Why not publish my own sheet and tell the world what a truly great 'author-composer-actor-manager' I really am?" No sooner thought of than done.

The Cohan patriotic song that caused a furor. At right, the cover of the published version, issued by Richmond, New York music publisher. Below, a bar of the familiar chorus. This is regarded as Cohan's most famous song, first heard in George Washington Jr.

© Richmond, Publisher, New York

In two weeks' time I was shooting throughout the country copies of a four page, illustrated, bright and snappy, full fledged newspaper which I named The Spotlight.

Walter Kingsley, who was then our press representative, had dug up a mailing list three thousand miles long, so we claimed "the largest free circulation of any theatrical publication in the world."

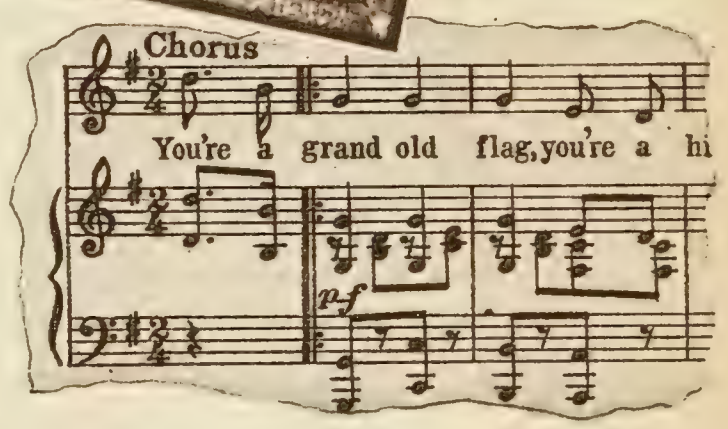
This little sheet was devoted to the interests of George M. Cohan's plays and productions, with a weekly attack on all unfriendly critics in a column which I wrote and signed myself. What the boys had to say about me before The Spotlight appeared wasn't a "masher" to the stuff they wrote from that time on.

Week after week I'd go after them.

Week after week they'd come back at me.

This sort of thing went on for a couple of years before they got on to the fact that they had slipped me at least a million dollars' worth of newspaper advertising free of charge.

"I guess that guy doesn't care what we say



about him, so long as we keep his name before the public." A Toledo critic is credited with this remark.

I could hardly believe, at the time, that any guy from Toledo could be smart enough to figure it out.

In the meantime, the Johnny Jones song hits were being whistled, brass-banded, hand-organed, and phonographed throughout the United States to such an extent that even

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You may not be more than one short week away

from the radiant complexion you seek

JUST beneath your skin lies the complexion you desire. It rests with you to release it.

There is no need of spending hours in harsh or expensive treatments—let Resinol Soap unlock this hidden beauty. Within a week the results will show you why thousands of women use nothing but Resinol Soap and warm water to insure a beautiful complexion.

It is such a simple, delightful way to keep the skin functioning normally—the basis of skin beauty—and to give it that pleasing clearness and velvety softness which every woman desires.

For special irritations, roughnesses, blackheads, etc., apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

the musical critics took a shot at me. Give My Regards to Broadway, Good-bye, Flo, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, and all the others were "tin pan tunes," according to the musicianly highbrows.

"Cohan is a disease," wrote one fellow in Cincinnati, "and the Yankee Doodle fever is spreading far and wide."

Fly Your Flag, Cohan's in Town, was the caption line of a cartoon of Uncle Sam addressing the populace, drawn by a comic artist in the comical town of St. Louis.

Even the Providence Journal, the "home town bible," swung on me with "playing on the patriotic sensibilities of the public."

"I'll get even with Providence for this," I said to myself. It was ten solid years before I ever played the town again.

During one of our Johnny Jones engagements at the New York Theater (we played four of them), A. L. Erlanger said to me:

"Think you could write a play without a flag?"

"I could write a play without anything but a pencil." These flippant answers always made a hit with Erlanger. He never said so, but I could tell.

"Supposing Cohan and Harris and Klaw and Erlanger form a little partnership arrangement," he went on, "and star Fay Templeton in a new play by you?"

"All right, Mr. Erlanger," I replied, "but if the play turns out to be a hit you must promise me that Cohan and Harris and Klaw and Erlanger will all chip in, hire a hack, and go out for a good time."

"Why wait till the play's a hit to do that? Why not hire a hack and do it right now?" suggested the head of the theatrical syndicate.

I didn't know at the time whether he was "kidding" or not. He was known to be a most exclusive and elusive sort of person, a man who stuck to his desk day and night with no thought for anything but "business." He had always, as I understood it, poohpoohed the idea of relaxation, and was not a believer in the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"I'll find out whether this guy's on the square about this thing," I thought to myself.

THE next day (Sunday) Sam Harris and I, accompanied by William Harris, Frank McKee, Sandy Dingwall, Mark Klaw, Henry B. Harris, Wilbur Bates, Ren Shields, Mason Peters, Freddy Thompson, Jack Welch, and at least fifty others of the Broadway theatrical and newspaper worlds, gathered in front of Erlanger's town house on West End Avenue at ten o'clock in the morning, rang the door bell, pushed the butler aside, forced an entrance into the library on the main floor, and sang our "club" song, Sweet Violets, Sweeter Than All the Roses, harmonizing full strength at the top of our voices until the master of the house appeared in his pajamas.

"What the hell's the idea?" demanded Erlanger.

Ren Shields, who had been appointed spokesman, stepped forward and began:

"Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, we have gathered here to initiate you into the secret order of The Twenty-Three Club. Long enough have you held yourself aloof from the gay dogs of the gay White Way. If, in ten minutes' time, you are not fully dressed and ready to start with us on our trip to funland, we swear by all that's sacred to destroy every bit of Napoleonic bric-a-brac in the 'joint.'" Then, turning to the crowd, he shouted, "Out with your watches, men, and we'll time this fellow."

(Business of all unpocketing timepieces.)

And then, to me, another command, "Strike the gong, Brother Desmond"—and I rang an old-fashioned dinner bell I had carried there for the purpose.

ERLANGER took it all good-naturedly and after giving us a couple of "drinking lessons," he ran upstairs and returned a few minutes later, dressed and ready for the outing.

When we arrived at Coney Island at nine o'clock that night (we made several stops on the way) Erlanger was hoisted on top of one of Thompson and Dundy's elephants and led into Luna Park by a brass band and the cheering members of this great secret order. Supper was served in the open air, and the lions' cages were pushed as close to the tables as possible.

"The roars of the wild beasts are warning you, Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, that our secrets are not to be divulged," shouted Ren Shields to the honored guest as he was making a stab at a chicken salad.

We arrived back in New York at one o'clock the following morning and, after an impromptu parade up Broadway from Twenty-third to Forty-second Street, we dispersed and went to our various homes. (Some of us got in.)

These outings were a big feature in Broadway theatrical life for many, many Sundays after that, and the Twenty-Three Club membership grew to such proportions that the New York papers frequently spoke of "the new million dollar clubhouse soon to be erected in Times Square." It cost eighty dollars to join and two dollars a day for upkeep. Those were the dues decided on, but no one ever knew who paid their dues, to whom they were paid, or what became of the money.

The trick went like this: If a fellow happened to inquire, "What is this Twenty-Three Club I hear so much about?" the answer would be:

"Don't you belong?"

"No."

"Want to become a member?"

"Yes."

"Give me eighty dollars."

The fellow, after forking over the "eighty" would usually inquire:

"What do I do now?"

"Not a thing. Just lay aside two dollars a day for upkeep, and we'll send for it when it's needed."

Then the bird with the "eighty" would telephone the gang to meet him at the Knickerbocker bar. The Shuberts "busted up" the club eventually by refusing to join. They were the only guys left we hadn't "nicked" for the eighty.

At any rate, Erlanger had a good time while it lasted, and that was the original idea. No crowd of college freshmen ever romped and played about with more abandon than the Twenty-Three Club boys.

But it was all innocent fun, and did a great deal more good than harm.

On one of these Twenty-Three Club outings Erlanger whispered to me:

"How about that play you said you'd write for Templeton if I went out for a good time?"

The next day I read him the first act of Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.

We had both kept our promises.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MY FIRST FLOP.

WE produced Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway in Columbus, Ohio.

After a few tryout performances we jumped to Chicago and opened at the Colonial Theater (the renamed Iroquois). This was in September, 1905. The piece scored an instantaneous success and brought that playhouse back into the good graces of Chicago's theatergoers. The "Standing Room Only" sign was displayed in the lobby throughout the entire engagement of four months. After the New York run of the play at the New Amsterdam Theater, we sent the piece back to Chicago again for another four months' run. A solid year was divided between the two cities, and Fay Templeton scored one of the notable successes of her career.

The two song hits of the play, Mary's a Grand Old Name and So Long, Mary, became even more popular than the Johnny Jones score, much to the discomfort and annoyance of the music critics. It was a mixed opinion that was offered by the dramatic critics of the play itself.

For instance, the fellow in Columbus called it "a feeble attempt

at musical comedy," while The Chicago *Tribune* proclaimed it "one of the best song plays in twenty years." I ran these two notices side by side in the Chicago papers as a Sunday "ad" and, a little later on, I was tipped off that the Columbus critic lost his job.

We organized road companies of Forty-five Minutes immediately and sent them throughout the country while the "number one" troupe played the high spots. With the extra Johnny Jones companies and the Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway shows, along with Running for Office, which we also sent on tour, the booking offices were being kept fairly busy taking care of the Cohan attractions.

During the season of of 1905-'06, while I was still appearing in the Jones piece, I set to work on still another musical comedy with a star part for myself. The result was George Washington Jr., in which I opened at the Herald Square Theater early in February, 1906.

"Just another Cohan flag-waving affair," was the way the critics summed it up, but the public (God bless 'em) kept lining up at the box office with cash in hand for the balance of the season, while the entire population of New York City whistled I Was Born in Virginia and The Grand Old Flag with so much delight and enthusiasm that several music publishers accused me of having placed the whole town under salary.

EXTREME hot weather brought the Herald Square engagement to an end in June, when, for a summer vacation, I moved to the New Amsterdam Roof Garden, where I revived The Governor's Son with all new songs and dances, running on there until the last week in August.

One night, during the roof engagement, Nat Goodwin (who was always my favorite American comedian, by the way) came back stage to shake hands and say "Hello!"

"Why don't you write a play for me?" he asked.

"Why don't you ask me to?" I replied.

"I'm asking you now," said Goodwin, and, a few days later, I read the first act of Popularity to Sam Harris.

"If you can get two more acts as good as that one, you'll have a hit," declared Harris.

I wired Goodwin and we came to terms by telegraph. It was all settled. The scare headline in the next issue of The Spotlight read:

I'VE GOT NAT GOODWIN
WORKING FOR ME NOW.

An indignant telegram came from Goodwin, calling all bets off. My newspaper comedy wasn't any bigger hit with Nat than it was with the critics.

"All right, if he feels that way about it, I'll finish the play anyway and put someone else in the part." And I started looking about for a Goodwin "type."

Thomas W. Ross, who was appearing in Henry Blossom's Checkers, was the unfortunate actor chosen. I shot right into rehearsals and opened at old Wallack's Theater, Broadway and Thirtieth Street, where the play fell as flat as a fried egg plant, and closed at the end of the second week. Popularity had proved to be my first unpopular play. Oh, boy!—what I didn't call the critics—and the public, too, for that matter.

"A failure, an absolute failure. I can't believe it, I won't believe it," I'd storm to myself. I was fighting mad—no one seemed to offer the right sort of sympathy.

"A few bumps like this will do you a whole lot of good, son," Dad said. I couldn't "get" that speech at all.

"The trouble with you, kid," advised Sam Harris, "is that you're trying to do too much."

"Is that so? You think so, eh? Well, let me tell you something, young fellow! I haven't even started to get busy yet."

I FLEW back to the hotel, and started work on a new idea called Fifty Miles from Boston. Six weeks later we produced the play in Springfield, Mass., and, before the season was over, had several companies presenting the piece on tour.

Meanwhile I had taken the incidental music of Popularity and blended two of the strains into a march. I published it under the name of The Popularity March. It was one of the first rag marches to score a popular hit and, incidentally, paid all financial loss of my share in the ill-fated play. But even this didn't satisfy me. No, siree, I refused to accept failure.

"I'll find some way to make 'em like that piece." I kept repeating this to myself over and over again.

I finally hit upon an idea.

In September, 1906, I started on a tour of the country in George Washington Jr. and didn't see New York again until the latter part of April, 1907. When I returned, however, I carried two play manuscripts under my arm, the results of the steady "grind" I'd kept up during the trip. One was a summer song show called The Honeymooners, the other a four-act musical comedy written to star Victor Moore, entitled The Talk of New York.

I immediately went into rehearsals with The Honeymooners, in which I appeared personally on the New Amsterdam Roof for the entire summer of 1907. At the same time I rehearsed and staged The Talk of New York. This piece opened at the Colonial in Chicago the last week in August, where it remained until Thanksgiving week, when it was brought to New York for a successful run at the Knickerbocker Theater.

I had fully intended to retire from the stage and devote my time to play producing at this point, but Henry W. Savage requested me to lend him the services of Donald Brian (who was appearing in Fifty Miles from Boston at the time) for the rôle of the Prince in The Merry Widow. Brian went to Savage and I went into his part in the Cohan piece, in which I remained for several months.

While playing in Fifty Miles from Boston I wrote and composed still another musical comedy with a star part for myself. It was called The Yankee Prince. I placed it in rehearsal in March (1908) and followed The Talk of New York into the Knickerbocker in April.

It was in this play that a reunion of The Four Cohans was brought about. Besides Dad and Mother, for whom I'd written parts, I also engaged Josephine for the dancing heroine, and the billing matter read:

GEORGE M. COHAN AND HIS
ROYAL FAMILY.

You should have heard what some of the boys had to say when I "pulled" this line on them. One critic suggested that the advertising matter should be changed to read, "George M. Cohan and Family Royalties." I don't know yet whether he meant this for a "knock" or a "boost."

It was during the New York run of The Yankee Prince that the American dancers unanimously agreed that "that guy Cohan certainly is a wonderful dancer."

I had waited for over fifteen years to hear them say it, and I was the happiest "hoofer" in the world.

In August, 1908, I organized, wrote and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tony Pastor's Theatre in the times when The Four Cohans were doing their "big specialty tonight."
From the Albert Davis Collection.

$500.00 in one Month for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators, who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc. —both men and women—

Earn $200 to $500 a month and more

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is one of the highest types of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while—and learning to illustrate is fascinating to any one who likes to draw.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

produced what was known as the Cohan and Harris Minstrels. It was (if I do say it myself) the greatest organization of the kind ever put together. The company included George (Honey Boy) Evans, George Thatcher, Eddie Leonard, Julian Eltinge, The Bogany Family, and an ensemble of eighty-odd singers and dancers. We lost over a hundred thousand dollars with this attraction before we discovered that American Minstrelsy was a dead issue with the theater-going public.

While the Minstrels were in rehearsal I wrote and composed a musical comedy called The American Idea, a companion piece to The Yankee Prince. This piece opened at the New York Theater and then made a tour of the country. With these early productions off my mind, I started on a coast-to-coast trip in the Prince piece and my travels continued until April, 1910.

When I got back to New York that spring I went into rehearsals with a new musical play I had written for Raymond Hitchcock. It was called The Man Who Owns Broadway; it was a musicalized version of Popularity, the Wallack Theater fiasco. Bang! It went over with a smash. My slate was clean; I'd wiped out the only failure I'd ever known. You should have read The Spotlight that week. Hitchcock made an enormous hit in this piece and continued in the part for two solid years.

"Better stick to musical comedy, kid," my friends advised. Popularity proved to them that I'd never write a successful play without music. On the strength of this advice, I bought the dramatic rights of George Randolph Chester's Get Rich Quick Wallingford stories, and turned them into a four-act play which I opened at the Gaiety Theater in September, 1910, where it remained until the Cohan Theater (which was being constructed at the time) was ready for occupancy. We made the shift in February to the latter house, and, when the engagement ended, I had the satisfaction of having had a year's run on Broadway with a play of mine without a song or note of music. This piece was afterwards produced in every English speaking country in the world. It was also translated into French and given a Paris production.

"Don't ever waste your time on a musical play again as long as you live," advised most of the boys after the Wallingford production. On the strength of this advice I sat down and wrote the book and music of The Little Millionaire, in which I personally opened the following September, 1911. I "coppered" every bet they made on me and always tried to do the unexpected.

By now Cohan and Harris were looked upon as about the busiest little theatrical firm in the game. We had not confined our managerial efforts to Cohan plays, by any means. We were starring John Barrymore in The Fortune Hunter, Laurette Taylor in The Girl in Waiting, E. J. Dodson in The House Next Door, and Wallace Eddinger and Douglas Fairbanks in the New York and Chicago companies of Officer 666. We had also become partners with Klaw and Erlanger in the Grand Opera House, the Gaiety, and the George M. Cohan Theaters, and had in construction the Bronx Opera House at One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. We had also come into control of the Chicago Grand Opera House and, a little later, took over the lease of the Astor Theater at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street. At least a dozen one-night-stand theaters were also on our list of enterprises, so, altogether, we were anything but gentlemen of leisure.

I kept up my trouping just the same, besides writing, composing, reading plays, and running from one rehearsal to another, day in, day out, year after year, without a let-up of any kind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORKING UNDER ADVICE

DURING the spring of 1911 I was elected to membership in the Friars Club, and, to celebrate the event, proposed and arranged an all-star Frolic, with a cast including William Collier, Richard Carle, Julian Eltinge, Lew Dockstader, Andrew Mack, James J. Corbett, George Evans, Tom Lewis, Irving Berlin, Fred Niblo, Emmett Corrigan, George Beban, William Rock, Raymond Hitchcock, and Dad and myself, along with sixty others in the ensemble. We toured the principal cities from New York to Chicago and brought back a bank roll big enough to purchase the cornerstone which we laid for the splendid monastery the Friars now occupy on West Forty-eighth Street.

During this trip I put the finishing touches on a comedy I was writing, called Broadway Jones. I went into the title rôle myself and opened at the Cohan Theater in September, 1912. It was my first appearance in a "straight" part on Broadway.

After two hundred and fifty performances of this piece on Broadway I jumped to Chicago for a summer run, while a second road company presented the play on tour.

Broadway Jones was also successfully produced in both England and Australia. Seymour Hicks appeared in the title rôle during the London season. The story was also novelized and afterward made into a successful and highly profitable motion picture.

During the Chicago run of the play I worked on a dramatization of Earl Derr Bigger's novel, Seven Keys to Baldpate, and brought the completed manuscript back to New York in time for the August rehearsals. We opened Baldpate at the Astor Theater in 1913. *The panic was on.*

Help! Murder! Police! Cries of anguish. Roars of disapproval. Critics, playwrights, Drama Leaguers, and literary ladies and gentlemen of all sorts, sizes, and standing, stood on their hind legs and denounced the dramatization instanter.

"He's tearing down all traditions."

"He's breaking all rules and regulations of play construction."

"He's insulting the intelligence of the public."

The entire regiment aimed and fired.

"What's the matter? What have I done?" I innocently inquired of a well known playwright who had attended the opening night performance.

"You know what you've done, don't you?"

"I certainly do not," I confessed.

He looked at me with pity.

"On what lines have you usually constructed your plays?" he asked.

"Mostly on the Pennsylvania and New York Central lines," I replied.

He immediately reported to the "circle" that Cohan was a hopeless "hick."

The public flocked to Baldpate. They came in hacks and packs and stacks. Capacity at the Astor for the entire season. Another company presented the play in Chicago. Same thing out there. All farce records broken.

A few months later an editorial writer called it "a masterpiece of play construction." I was immediately elected to membership in the Dramatists' Club. Later on they made me president. Percy Mackaye suggested that I build a theater for Harvard College dramatic students and perpetuate my name and fame.

I thought the matter over and decided to build. But not in Cambridge. I switched the location to Long Island, and made it a home instead of a theater. It's a cute little home, too—ask any critic.

To be a famous Dancer-Author-Composer-Actor-Manager! We've seen George M. Cohan climbing steadily toward that almost unattainable goal—have already seen him okayed by the dancers. How he smashed through to recognition as an author and composer is told in the ninth absorbing installment, which will appear in next week's issue. Buy it and stay on the Cohan Express!

EVEN THE FURS ARE PLAIDED IN THE NEW PARIS COATS

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

Here we have a brick dust duvetyn velvet coat and a long white crêpe tunic.

we might almost presage that plaids are going to "take."

Only the other day I came back to Europe, after a visit to America, with a distinct prejudice against the dressmaking studios and in favor of the Louvre. While I was out one afternoon visiting the Venus de Milo, a specimen of the other (minor) art of dressmaking came to call on me. I saw it folded neatly over the cretonne covered arm chair on opening the bedroom door.

"What is that?" I asked sternly.

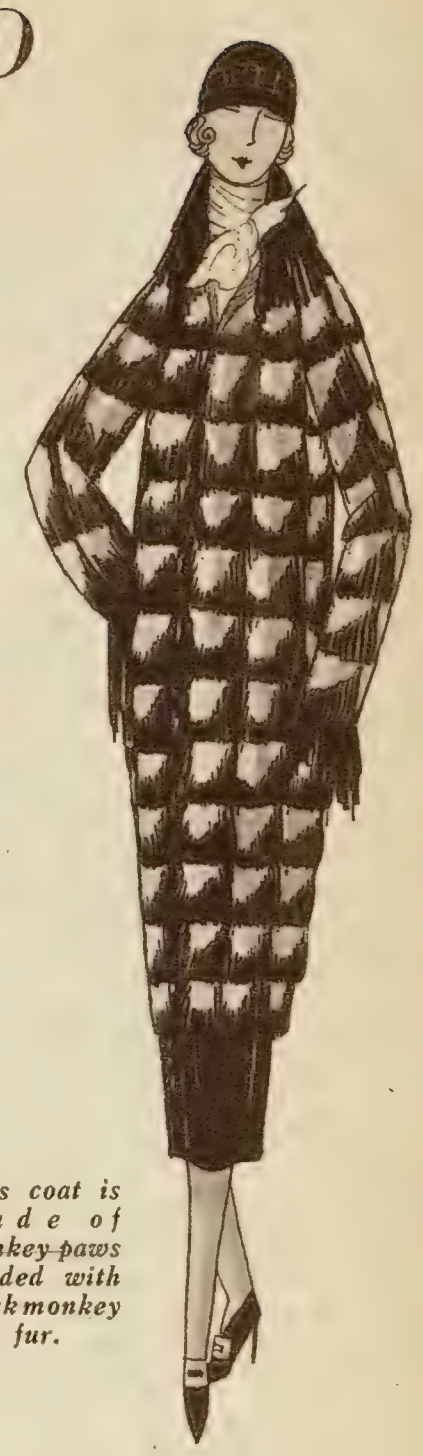
"That," answered my companion, the shopping expert, "is the bright particular coat of the season. By Mr. Worth."

Of course it won out completely over the Venus. In the form in which I finally fell for it, the fur used was of monkeys' paws. Only one or two of these coats can be made by a single big house in a season, because the slaughter of the little animals is so very great to provide the feet required to make a mantle to cover even half the length of a woman's body.

The sketch at the right represents this model, with the gray feet made into squares and surrounded by black monkey fur as you know it. Thus one is permitted to mention, with illustration, that furs are plaided, too. And women's coats are bobbed now, and the short-clipped, flat furs are the most fashionable.

THE coat model that came a-visiting to my house was of gazelle, the color of the eyes of a nut brown maiden, and the plaiding was in short-haired yellow fur. You might almost call it fur inlay.

There was some discussion about the collar. I maintained it wasn't half big enough and merely edged round the neck like a black fringe. The answer was that this was the way a collar was supposed to set now, that it wasn't to be much more than a band or a ribbon.



This coat is made of monkey paws plaided with black monkey fur.

Paris, France.

FORMS and fabrics are only details of the current fashions beside the deep, epoch-making changes that slowly come about.

Parisians are wearing the eyes much higher up in the face this year. Long since the vampire went the way of all flesh and was succeeded by the hectic cheeked, defenseless girl of strange coloring, who looked at one from accusing eyes set low on the cheeks.

Now she has given place to the wholesome, long-sleeved, fresh-skinned young matron, leading (when one can be secured) a long-legged, short-coated infant, for whom all transportation is held up by the corner policeman. This is out of the ancient chivalrous law of France that a woman with a child has the right of way. The whole get-up seems staged as if to provoke the comment, "Isn't she the youngest looking thing to be the mother of that youngster?"

White face powder has taken the place of rachel, so that it now may be obtained over the counters without a scrimmage, and only the demand for the dark color provokes the argumentation that used to follow one's modest request for one's favorite snowy shade.

AND now to get down to forms and fabrics. Even the signboards are plaided—and such other unexpected articles as delivery boxes and Paul Poiret's car. Thus

At the left—An evening dress of silver brocaded lamé trimmed in fringes of steel beads. Right—A black velvet dress with a circular, tiered skirt and white ostrich trimming on one shoulder.

In school we used to draw the outline of a bridge by making one swift, arched line. Sometimes, when we wished to produce a finished piece of work, we drew the horizontal path connecting its extremes. You may thus crudely illustrate the silhouette of coats this season by drawing one straight line. And to make it really finished cut it off with a horizontal line just below the knees.

THE sketch at the upper left of the page represents the coat silhouette of the future. Just as the previous coat was presaged by one or two last season, now they are beginning to make some cutaway. This model is of brick dust duvetyn, trimmed in angora rabbit, with all the snowy whiteness the name calls to fancy and omitting the pink eyes. The costume is accompanied by a long crêpe tunic, embroidered in the same gold which appears on the coat sleeves.

The sketch at the left, bottom of the page, is of a gown made in silver brocaded lamé, trimmed in fringes of steel beads.

The drawing at the right, bottom of the page, represents a dress of black velvet made with a circular, tiered skirt, and trimmed with white ostrich tips on one shoulder. The scarf is a part of the dress.

The gowns are all straight line as to backs this season, so no rear views are given.

DON'T FEAR SPOILING YOUR MATERIALS

By PATRICIA

THIS is decidedly a season of smart simplicity if we accept the style dictates of Paris and our own American designers.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the correct cutting pattern. You need have no fear of spoiling your material when you use a Patricia Pattern, for each is guaranteed to fit perfectly.

The older woman who has gained some undesirable avoirdupois and who is in need of a pretty new frock for "best" would do wisely to select style No. 2070, the lines of which are both modish and becoming. It would be charming made in a combination of plain and figured georgette or silk crêpe. You could use the same pattern for woolen material by leaving the skirt panels off.

Dress pattern No. 2070 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide, with 2⅜ yards of 36-inch contrasting, are needed.

Two of the season's most important features are exploited in design No. 2226—the lavish use of buttons and the cape back. This style would be smart for daytime wear made in a twill, plain or plaid kasha, or rep. For better wear, silk crêpe, satin, and the ribbed silks are suggested. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material are required. The braiding design is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 708, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

Here is a charming version of the ensemble costume! The coat and the lower section of the dress are made of a soft, suede nap woolen, kasha, or heavy ribbed silk. The upper section of the dress and the coat lining are made of a colorful printed silk.

The coat pattern for No. 2225 is cut in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3 yards of 48-inch material are required.

The dress pattern, No. 2100, which cuts in two pieces and is perforated for contrasting material, is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36 or 40-inch material, with 1⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting. The dress and coat patterns are separate. You can order both for twenty cents or each for ten cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Youthful, yet smart, is this little cape dress (No. 2238) which buttons down the front to the hemline and which boasts a Peter Pan collar. It would be good looking developed in a plain or plaid kasha, twill, jersey, or poplin. The pattern is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 42-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Developed in a smart woolen plaid, design No. 2218 would be smart. The plain woolen fabrics trimmed with striped or plaid material are also good looking. This design might be made in one of the new ribbed silks or satin, too. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch material, with 1⅝ yards 20-inch contrasting.

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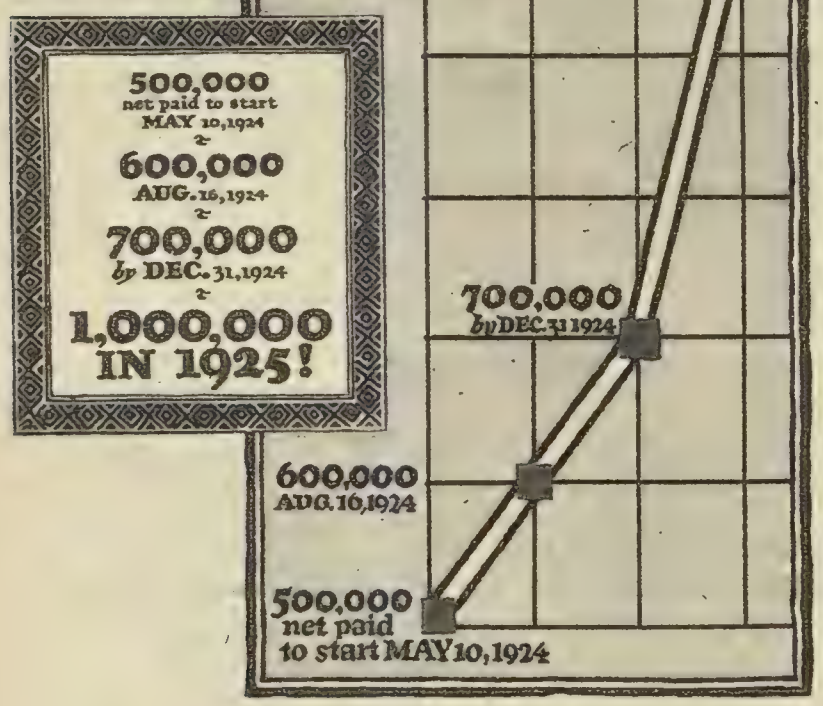

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A Weekly for Everybody

"LEST WE FORGET"—SIX YEARS AGO NEXT TUESDAY!

THESE GUNS opened and closed the war for America on the Western front! At 6:05 A. M., October 23, 1917, the command "Fire!" sounded in the position occupied by Battery C, Sixth F. A., near Luneville, and a slim seventy-five sent a shell whining into the German lines—the American Army's first shot in the World War! The gun is shown above on its way to the rear, some weeks later. And the last American gun to fire was the 155 mm. howitzer at the right, manned by the Eleventh F. A. in the Bois de la Haie near the Meuse. Just as the clock ticked 11 A. M. of November 11, 1918, it fired—and when the roar died away, sudden silence throughout the sector told that peace had come.

U. S. Official Photos.

OUR GREATEST CITY WELCOMES THE FIGHTERS HOME!

THE LAST ACT IN THE EPIC DRAMA—welcoming home the men who had helped win the mightiest war in history! And the gateway to the nation's welcome was this triumphal arch in New York City, through which so many units paraded, as the Twenty-seventh Division is doing here, before entraining for their home communities.

Photo © Underwood & Underwood.

From Choir Singer *to* *Grand Opera*

By JOHN S. STEELE

The Story of Beautiful Mary Lewis, 24 Years Old, Who Started Out with Nearly Everything Against Her, and Now Has Vienna, Paris, and London at Her Tiny Feet

IN EVERY little town in the United States there is probably at least one girl who can sing. Many of them are satisfied to grow up singing in the church choir and perhaps at local concerts, but among them there must be some who have larger ambitions. Many dream of triumphs on the grand opera stage, but most of them dream and let it go at that.

A few who try soon find that the struggle is too hard and give up. Some of these realize that the fault is in their own lack of energy and industry, but many believe they failed because they lacked that mysterious thing called pull or influence. Their complaints tend to discourage others, who give up the struggle before it is begun because they believe that without influence they cannot succeed. To all such the life of Mary Lewis should be an inspiration.

This is the story of an American girl, now only twenty-four years old, who, with less than no influence and with everything against her, has achieved operatic triumphs in Vienna, London, and Paris and expects within a year or two to sing in grand opera in New York and Chicago. She started with only a voice, good looks, industry, and determination to succeed, and she is now in a fair way to become one of the world's great operatic singers.

I talked to Mary Lewis the other day just after she had scored a fresh triumph in creating the part of *Mary* in the new English opera, Hugh the Drover, at His Majesty's Theater in London, where she is singing with the British National Opera Company.

Usually it is easy to interview stage and operatic stars. They realize the value to their careers of publicity. Mary Lewis is no less appreciative of its value than the others, but with her work comes first. It took two weeks before she could steal the time from lessons, rehearsals, and performances to give me time for a quiet chat. Undoubtedly that is one of the secrets of her success—hard, untiring work and meticulous attention to detail. I found her just after a lesson from a famous London teacher, and we talked in the waiting room of the studio while she kept her eye on the clock in order not to miss a rehearsal which had been called for the afternoon.

Opera stars like being photographed, too, and Mary Lewis no less than others, but again she puts her work first. I wanted to secure some pictures of her in an unconventional setting, and we decided that the ancient Temple in London, that home, first of the Knights Templar and now of England's lawyers, would be most appropriate. But again the question of time arose, and half a dozen appointments were made and postponed because of lessons or rehearsals before I was able to secure the pictures presented with this article.

MARY LEWIS was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Her parents, who were originally Irish, had lived in Chicago, but her father died a few months before her birth, and her mother went to live with her parents in Hot Springs. Those first years were probably hard sledding for Mary and her mother. She does not talk about them, and her life really began when, at the age of eight, she was informally adopted by the Rev. W. S. Fitch, a Methodist minister.

"Mr. Fitch was very musical," Miss Lewis told me, "and I think he was attracted to me by the fact that even at that age I was always singing. He was also kind and charitable, and before that his wife and he had adopted and raised another girl, who became a missionary in China. My early ambition was to follow her example and carry the gospel to the heathen, but things turned out differently.

"From the very first Mr. Fitch began my musical education. The first song he taught me was, Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam, and my first appearance before any audience was when I stood up and sang that hymn in Sunday school in Hot Springs when I was eight years old. After that Mr. Fitch taught me a new hymn every week, and today I believe I know every hymn in the Methodist hymnal. He also taught me to play the piano and the violin, while at the same time he did not neglect my general education.

Mary Lewis poses for Liberty at the ancient Temple in London, former home of the Knights Templar and now headquarters for English lawyers.

JOHN STEELE, whose writings appear frequently in the pages of Liberty, is the London correspondent of The Chicago Tribune. Mr. Steele has been stationed in London for several years and has many notable news "beats" to his credit. His most spectacular exploit was his share in bringing peace to Ireland. Through his initiative representatives of the Sinn Fein and British officials were first brought together in a series of conferences which finally resulted in an agreement and ended a conflict that had lasted for seven hundred and fifty years.

"I cannot say, however, that these were happy years. Mrs. Fitch, although kind and conscientious, was very strict, and, I suppose, did not understand my temperament. I certainly didn't understand hers, and we didn't get along. The upshot of it was that at sixteen I ran away and went to some friends in Dallas, Texas.

"These people at once asked me what I wanted to do, and I told them I wanted either to play the piano in a movie theater or get a job clerking in a store and live in the Young Women's Christian Association. They soon showed me that both were impossible, and invited me to stay with them. I remained with them three years. They gave me piano, violin, and pipe organ lessons and I did a little teaching. They sent me to high school at Little Rock, Arkansas, and from sixteen to eighteen I sang as a soloist in church choirs and earned about twenty-five or thirty dollars a month.

A portrait study of beautiful Mary Lewis.

At the right, another picture of Miss Lewis at the Temple.

"About that time I developed a hankering for the stage, and I managed to see every show that came to town. Some of them were pretty rotten, and I knew I could do better than many of the principals if I had a chance. My friends, however, would not hear of my going in for stage singing, and I became restless again.

"The turning point of my life came when a touring musical comedy company came to town. Of course I went to see it, and I knew that I could sing better than anyone in the company. Then I heard that they wanted a chorus girl.

"Here was the chance of my lifetime, and I took it. I knew my friends would do everything to argue me out of my determination if I told them what I was going to do, so I made up my mind to say nothing.

"At two o'clock one afternoon I applied for the job and got it at twenty-five dollars a week, on condition that I was ready to leave town with the company at eight o'clock that evening. I went home, packed, and skipped, and that evening I was a full-fledged chorus girl.

"It wasn't an easy life. We were stranded a fortnight later in Oklahoma, and for a couple of weeks I earned my board by giving music lessons. Then we got on the road again, but in California the ghost gave out again, this time for good. I got a job singing in a café at fifty dollars a week and thought my fortune was made, but this only lasted two weeks and I had to look for a job again.

"That time was about the worst. I sang in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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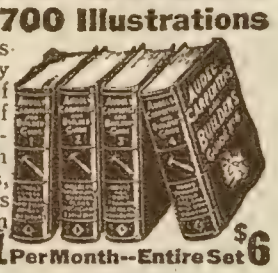

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

oil towns in California, in terrible places where the audiences threw money at you, but it really wasn't as bad as it sounds. Finally I got into another musical show in San Francisco and went on tour with it.

"On this tour I met Al Christie, of Christie's Comedies, and he gave me a job in the movies, which I kept for some time. I liked the movies well enough, but I knew that if I had any talent it was for singing, and I became discontented again.

"Then Raymond Hitchcock came to town and I met him and told him I wanted to go to New York, but couldn't unless I had a job. He replied:

"'You just take a chance and come to New York. Look me up in the fall and I'll find you some sort of a job.'

"Well, I took his advice and landed in New York on June 1, 1920, with less than a week's board money in my purse. I heard that the Greenwich Village Follies were trying out voices and hiked down there at once. I sang a couple of last year's jazz songs and got a contract on the spot as a chorus girl at fifty dollars a week. I wasn't satisfied, however. I made up my mind that if I was to be a show girl I would be one of the best, and I went to Murray Anderson of the Greenwich Village Follies and demanded a good song. All he would give me was a chance as an understudy or go back in the chorus.

"That wasn't good enough for me. I heard that Dillingham was looking for people and I went to see him. He heard me sing and gave me a principal part at seventy-five dollars a week. Here I was with two contracts in my pocket. Contracts meant nothing in my young life. All I knew was that I had two jobs to choose from.

Back I went to Murray Anderson and demanded a leading part.

"'What can you do with a girl that goes around signing contracts with everybody?' he shouted at me, but after a while he calmed down and gave me another hearing. This time I guess I sang better than the first, for he gave me the part of prima donna in the show.

"NEXT year I went to Ziegfeld's as one of four prima donnas and sang there for two years, the second year as the only prima donna. During the last year with Ziegfeld I had money enough to take lessons from good teachers. The man who made my voice was William Thorner, who had also helped Galli-Curci and many other singers. After two lessons he told me that if I really wanted to work hard I could sing in grand opera, and I made up my mind that this was my life ambition.

"I worked hard for a year at French, Italian, and voice culture, and at the end of that time I had an audition from Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House. He told me I could sing, but if I meant to amount to anything I must go to Europe, study the languages, acquire a correct pronunciation, and accumulate a répertoire.

"So to Europe I came in June last year and in Paris I met a singer whom I'd known in New York. She took me to Raoul Gunsbourg at Monte Carlo, who engaged me for the season. While I was waiting for this to begin I worked hard in Paris and in October I got an engagement to sing *Marguerite* in Faust with the Vienna Folks Opera under Felix Weingarten. In January the Monte Carlo season opened and I sang *Marguerite, Gilda* in Rigoletto, and *Mimi* in La Bohême. After Monte Carlo I came to London, sang for Mr. Austin, was engaged for the National Opera Company's season, and here I am.

"What's my recipe for success? Apart from the voice, which, of course, one must have, the elements of success in opera, as I see them, are, in their proper order, hard work, luck, and a moderate amount of good looks."

MISS LEWIS has more than a moderate amount of good looks. Her Irish ancestry is evident in her gray eyes and brown hair with just a tinge of red. Unlike so many dramatic sopranos, she is able to take the part of a young and beautiful heroine without making it look ridiculous. She has excellent dramatic ability and English critics predict she will go from success to success.

Miss Lewis burst on the English critics as a surprise when she took the part of *Antonia* in Tales of Hoffman at six hours' notice when Maggie Teyte, the famous English prima donna, fell ill. In London she has also sung *Marsetta* in La Bohême, *Marguerite* in Faust, and *Mimi* in La Bohême, but her greatest triumph was as *Mary* in Hugh the Drover.

Success has not turned Mary Lewis' head. She still realizes there is a lot of hard work before her. She doesn't think she has done anything very remarkable and she hasn't acquired what the English call "side." She knows she is not yet one of the world's greatest singers, but she hopes that some day she will be, and she is able to discuss the work of other singers and compare it with her own without the slightest trace of jealousy. If she thinks she is better than another she says so, and if she thinks the other is better than she is she says so, too. Perhaps she won't like me to say that she looks better off the stage than on, but she still has all the freshness of youth that is only spoiled—not enhanced—by stage makeup.

THE END

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Of LIBERTY, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1924:

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Robert R. McCormick, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the Editors of LIBERTY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Editors, Robert R. McCormick and Joseph M. Patterson, Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor, John N. Wheeler, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Business Manager, S. E. Thomason, Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is:

The Coloroto Corporation, The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all of the stock of The Coloroto Corporation.

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(Signed)
ROBERT R. McCORMICK,
Co-Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1924.

(Seal)

(Signed)
Genevieve L. Burke.

(My commission expires January 17, 1926.)

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This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of October 11. The Limerick read as follows:

A life guard lay prone on the beach;
To a friend he called: "Look at that peach!"
But the friend, with a glare,
Said: "You'd better take care,
. . . . . ."

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

What you think is all peach may be bleach."

Written by
Albert. E. Lemay, 19 Arlington St., Manchester, N. H.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Or your eyes will be black, side by each."

Written by
Winifred G. Gorrell, 4736 Tenth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

She's the cop on this beat, guard your speech!"

Written by John S. Barrett, 420 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

And not get too fresh with Miss Leach."

Written by Ethel E. Kampfer, Box 135, Adams, Wis.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

For your wife overheard your short speech."

Written by
K. J. Hooley, 466 Lexington Ave., Rm. 1562, New York City.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

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(Issue of November 8)

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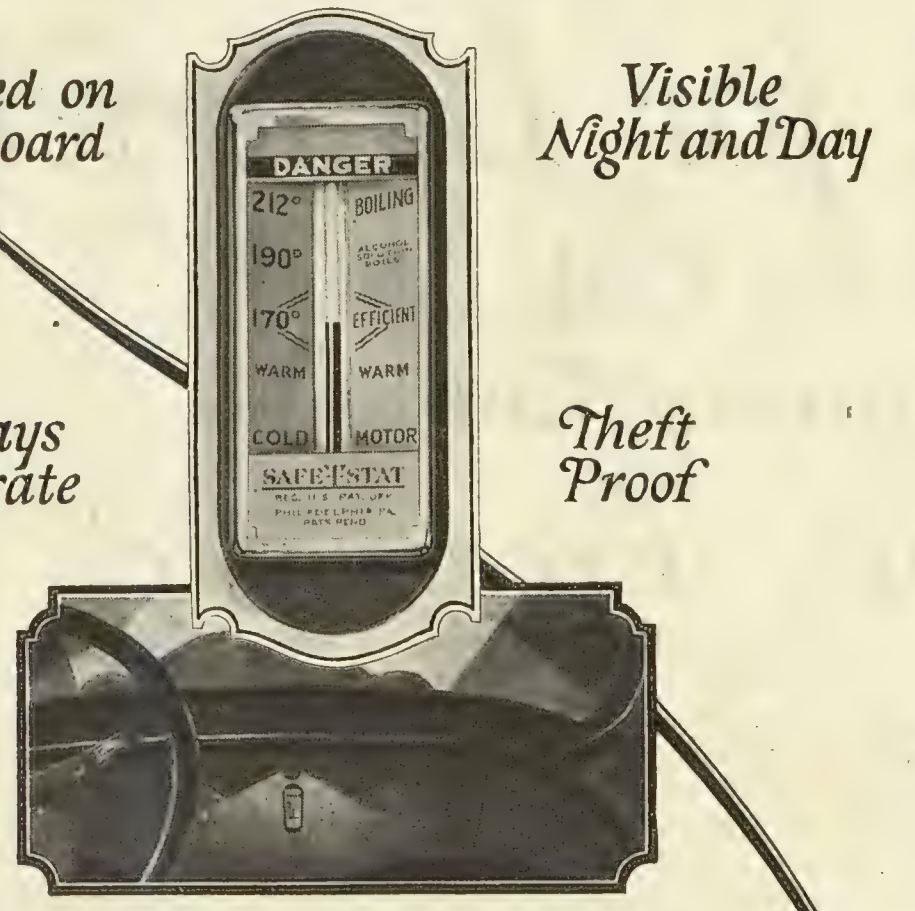

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The OPTICAL DAILY DOZEN

By H. S. F.

If Your Eyes Are Troubling You, Exercise Them! That's What the Experts Say—So Our Expert Prescribes Some Training Stunts

NEW YORKERS whose eyesight has been impaired by gazing at the white and red lights have renewed hope. An eminent New York eye specialist has discovered that impaired vision can be restored by exercise.

This scientist declares that by exercise, systematic and regular movements of the eyes, blindness can be prevented, and that if a person persists in this he can throw away his glasses and see as good as ever.

The discovery is full of possibilities which the eminent specialist has not developed to the full extent. The New Yorker has more opportunities for exercising the eye than any person in the world, and should he take full advantage of it he should be able to see the dinner check occasionally.

AS a starter in this cure of weak eyes New Yorkers may take up this Optical Daily Dozen:

1. Watch the Follies chorus.

2. Stocking inspection at Woolworth corner on a windy day.

3. View the one-piece bathing suits at the beach.

4. Attend a style review.

5. Look for a seat in the subway.

6. Try to find proper odds on favorites at race track.

7. Hunt for pre-war whisky in a bootleg emporium.

8. Seek a seat in the first fifteen rows at a Broadway hit.

9. Attempt to see the top of the Woolworth building on a foggy night.

10. Look for a policeman after a holdup.

11. Find a taxi on a rainy night.

12. Finish the day by half an hour's gazing across areaway into adjoining apartment.

Such a course of exercise, persisted in for say two months, ought to make the weakest eyes strong and give them enough exercise to make them dance.

The Follies and the annual revues afford a wonderful practice field for training the eyes and, supplemented by the hosiery and corset ads in the magazines, such training should cure the most stubborn cases of weak sight. The cases of astigmatism, where the victim (or beneficiary) sees double, are privileged to pay thirteen dollars and twenty cents instead of six dollars and sixty cents a seat and give three cheers because they are able to see two glorified girls instead of one.

THIS exercise is especially recommended to those who have passed forty years of age and are beginning to lose their power of seeing things across the aisles in subway trains and other places where the younger generation crosses its legs.

After a week or two of exercise of the eye watching the Follies or some similar revue, the near-sighted person will be able to discern in the local school teacher all the possibilities of the fourth from the end on the left of the front row.

The advocate of eye exercise has failed to recommend a coach to direct the training of weak eyes. The coach who knew his business would take the subject in training down to Coney Island on a warm afternoon and give him two hours' scrimmage in looking at the one-piece bathing suits, which should strengthen the eyes materially.

The possibilities of this eye exercise in New York are limitless. There is a danger, of course, of overworking the eyes, but the majority of New Yorkers incline rather to getting pop-eyed through over-exercise than toward blindness. Soft-boiled eyes are getting scarce.

THE END

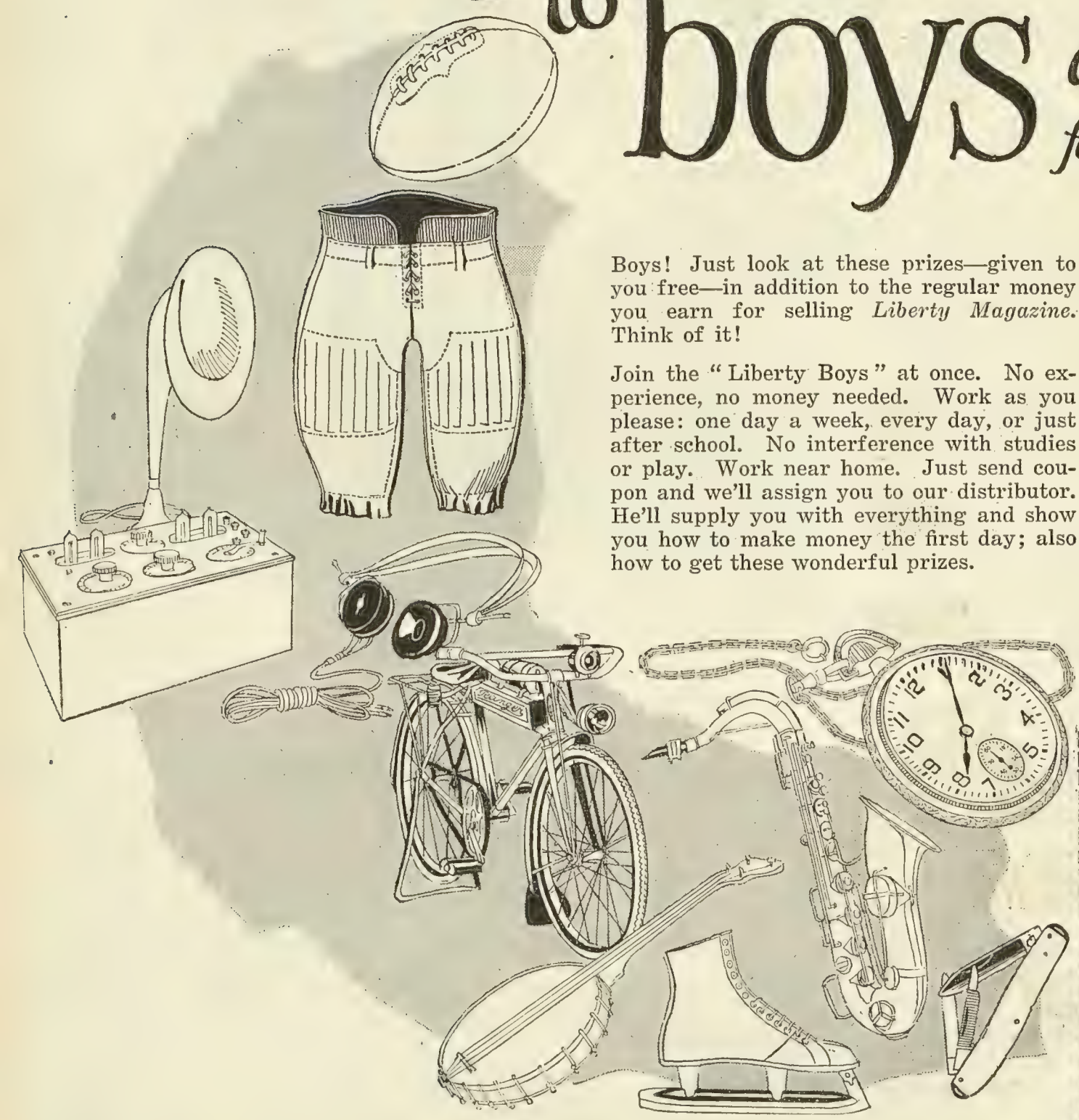
9th OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING LIBERTY'S NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF BOY SALESMEN

Here's a group of Southern boys under the direction of M. B. Reinstein, Wholesale Distributor of Liberty at Lexington, Kentucky.

free prizes to boys

and Money, too

for selling Liberty *magazine*



Boys! Just look at these prizes—given to you free—in addition to the regular money you earn for selling *Liberty Magazine.* Think of it!

Join the "Liberty Boys" at once. No experience, no money needed. Work as you please: one day a week, every day, or just after school. No interference with studies or play. Work near home. Just send coupon and we'll assign you to our distributor. He'll supply you with everything and show you how to make money the first day; also how to get these wonderful prizes.

Thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada are earning money every week selling *Liberty.* So can you! And you can get wonderful prizes—FREE!

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Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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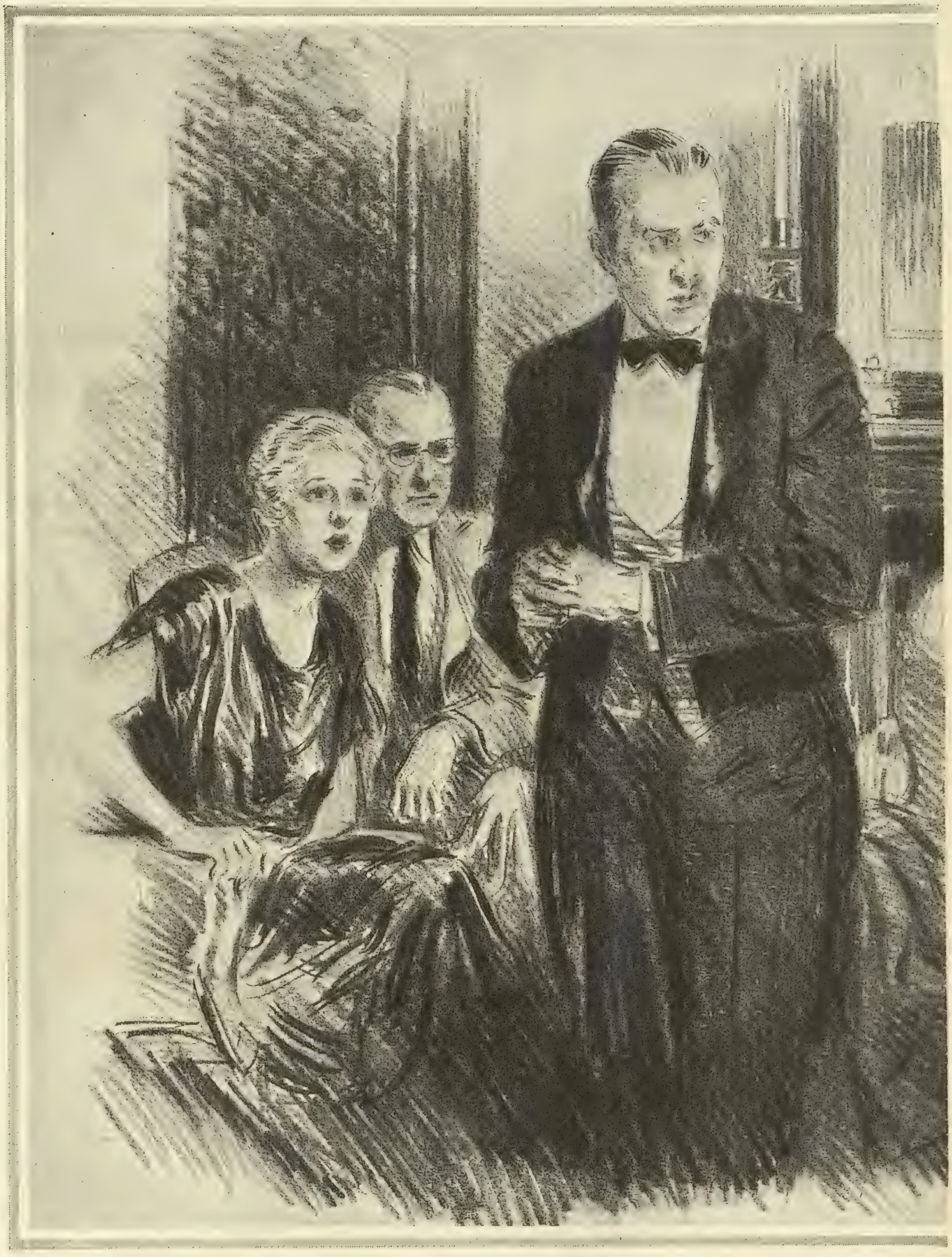
ANYTHING But

Like Bloodhounds Circling Around to Pick Up the Scent, the Agents of the Law Begin Their Hunt for the Murderer of Austin Eldridge

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF A NEW NOVEL OF LOVE, CRIME, *and* MYSTERY

Pictures by
ROBERT G. JONES.



Who Killed Austin Eldridge?

What's Happened So Far in the Story:

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier, is mysteriously murdered, in broad daylight, on the porch of his summer home in Shoredale. A knife had been driven straight into his heart and left there.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, his lovely adopted daughter, discovers the crime. She had been lying near him, in a hammock, when the murder was committed. A few minutes previous to her terrible discovery she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Austin Eldridge to consent to their engagement, but he had given a brutal refusal, declaring Maxwell's mother did not consider his adopted daughter good enough for her son.

TOM KENNEDY, a second suitor of Lorraine, had been playing tennis with her and Maxwell. He had gone upstairs to wash up shortly before the murder was committed.

MILLIKEN, cook and captain bold of the Eldridge establishment, was in the kitchen at the instant of the crime.

PETER THORNE, a detective, is on his summer vacation at the White Unicorn Inn.

BEN BROWNING, proprietor of the inn, finds CROSBY, a lawyer associated with Eldridge, in the company of Peter Thorne, Edward Miles, and the latter's mother, and tells the group of the Eldridge murder.

CHAPTER II—*(Continued).*

AT THE WHITE UNICORN.

"WHAT!" Crosby sprang up. "What do you mean?"

"Just that. Eldridge was shot or stabbed. We haven't the particulars; or, rather, we've too many particulars—they conflict. But, anyway, he was killed."

Crosby was visibly excited. "I'll go and find out about this thing," he said, and hurried away.

"Who was Austin Eldridge?" asked Peter Thorne, in a voice of respectful interest.

"Oh, he was the biggest man in town," Mrs. Miles explained. "I mean the most influential. He was president of the bank, and director of the library, and at the head of the Apollo Gold Mining Company, and foremost in all good works—civic, political, or church work. Why, he was our leading citizen! He can't have been killed; he just simply *can't!*"

She stopped speaking for an instant as a tall, aristocratic looking woman approached.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Vanderholt! Sit down here—do. May I present Peter Thorne of New York? Oh, have you heard about Mr. Eldridge? You don't believe it, do you?"

"I don't know—I *don't* know; it has simply prostrated me!"

The dignified and haughty Mrs. Vanderholt dropped into the chair Thorne held for her, and her carefully made up complexion showed sad need of reinforcement.

In another moment Crosby returned to the group.

"I'm afraid it's true," he said, in low, awed tones. "I can't get particulars, but there's no room for doubt that Eldridge has been killed. Doctor Rhodes just went tearing by in his speedster, and the police have been notified. I'd go right out there—I might be of use—but I feel I ought to go home first. My sister Lucia will go into hysterics if this thing is told her suddenly. I'd better be there. I'll go now, and if I learn anything more I'll come back here later. But Browning, the innkeeper, will keep you informed. Mr. Thorne, this may be an opportunity for a testing of your detective powers."

"Oh, don't propose it, Mr. Crosby!" Thorne replied. "If it were necessary, of course; but

the TRUTH

By Carolyn Wells

"And who do you think killed your master?" The question took everyone by surprise. It was so unexpected that all were startled.

without doubt the police detectives are efficient, or the family will have its preferences. Don't say anything about me, at present."

Ben Browning came toward them.

Mrs. Vanderholt was his star boarder, and he felt it his duty to keep her informed, so far as he could.

"Terrible thing," he said, standing before them—a short, fat man, with bristling, unruly hair and, at present, an unctuous manner. "You leave it to me, Mrs. Vanderholt; I'll tell you everything as fast as I find it out."

"Who did it?" cried Edward Miles.

"Nobody knows who did it," answered Browning. "It's the greatest mystery. Why, think of it! A man sits on his own front porch, in the middle of the day, the sun shinin' bright, and his family about him. And then, when the dinner bell rings, he's dead—murdered—in broad daylight, on his own front porch!"

Peter Thorne kept his deep eyes fixed on the speaker. At last he asked one question.

"Do they suspect anybody?"

"Not that I know of," Browning returned. "If they do they haven't said so. Say, Mr. Thorne, you're a detective, aren't you? Why don't you hike right up there and see about it?"

"For the very good reason," said Peter Thorne, with his funny little smile, "that I haven't been invited to do so."

"Well, I s'pose there's some sort of etiket about that. Do you have to be asked by the police?"

"By someone," returned Thorne. "Either the police or the family or the town authorities or somebody who has a right to ask me."

"Well, I'm goin' to make it my business to see that you get asked," the innkeeper declared, and left to put his decision into action.

CHAPTER III.

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

AT Myrtle Lawn the circumstances were as Ben Browning had described them. Austin Eldridge had been stabbed to death, sitting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

What sort of man do you think he is?

LIEUTENANT ERIK NELSON, the man who "bossed the engines" of the American round-the-world flyers—

Read the absorbing article about him called

THE FLYING VIKING

By C. M. LINCOLN

in next Wednesday's Liberty
at all newsstands

5c

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

on his own veranda, in broad daylight.

When the gong had sounded in the hall, Lorraine had risen from the hammock and said, "Come on, Father, luncheon is ready."

As Lorraine rose, Tom Kennedy came around the corner from the north porch where he had been standing, looking across toward his own home, next door.

At the same time Grant Maxwell came down the stairs from the bathroom and made for the front door. Also, from the south porch, came the two house guests: Eldridge's sister, Mrs. Mersereau, and her husband.

Mr. Mersereau, being the last of the lot to gather at the entrance door, turned to Eldridge, his brother-in-law, saying, "Come on, Austin." Then, with a frightened exclamation of "My God!" he stood transfixed with horror at the sight of the knife in Eldridge's breast and slowly widening spot of crimson that stained his soft silk shirt.

Mrs. Mersereau turned back, and then all pushed forward and saw the dreadful thing that had happened.

Sarah Mersereau shrieked hysterically, and her husband caught her in his arms.

Hearing the scream, Lennox, the butler, and Jane, the waitress, ran from the dining room, where they were waiting to serve luncheon.

Jane clapped her hands over her mouth to suppress a scream and ran back to summon Milliken, the cook, her port in every storm.

Lennox stepped forward to his master's side and put out an ignorant, blundering hand toward the knife.

"Don't touch that!" cried Tom Kennedy. "Don't touch him, don't touch anything! Give me a minute to pull myself together—Oh, what must we do?"

It was quite evident that something must be done. Already two or three inquisitive passers-by had paused and were looking curiously in.

But even as those on the porch stood petrified, transfixed with terror, a strong, stern figure stalked through the hall and out at the front door. It was Milliken, who was both cook and captain bold of the establishment. Involuntarily they fell back to let her pass.

The great, gaunt frame strode along like an avenging angel and it almost seemed as if she cut a swath through the group of numb, dumb people who still stood, silently staring.

She paused in front of Austin Eldridge and gave him one quick, comprehending glance. Then, making no outcry or exclamation, she sent her black eyes darting from one to another as she spoke. Her words were curt, her tones sharp and incisive, and she interposed her own body as a shield between the man in the chair and the street.

"Lennox," she ordered, "get your mouth shut and go telephone Dr. Rhodes. Don't tell him a thing but to come here at once—this living minute. Jane, go to the pantry and look after the food. Keep it hot and don't let the rolls in the oven burn. Essie, bring out that wicker screen from the sun parlor. Hurry with it—Mr. Tom, please help her. Miss Lorraine, dearie, go inside—go to your room, if you want. Mrs. Mersereau, go with her. Somebody take hold of this screen with me."

Her long arms pulled the screen about until it was a perfect protection for the man in the chair. There was barely room for the three-leaved affair between the edge of the porch and Austin Eldridge's feet, but Milliken managed to adjust it, so that it was secure, without touching anything.

Then she turned to the ever increasing crowd.

"Go away from here!" she cried, not in a loud voice, but one so tense with authority that many moved on at once. "Haven't you any more manners or common decency than to stand gawpin' at a house where there's trouble? Go on, now, about your business!"

For the most part they obeyed her. The rest she left furtively lingering near.

"Mr. Maxwell," she next directed, "you stay right here and watch that body. Don't you take your eyes off him a minute. I have to go inside, and I leave the care of that man to you."

It sounded like a solemn trust, and Grant Maxwell stepped nearer and took up his post by the dead man's chair. At first he averted his glance, then gazed with an irresistible fascination.

He looked curiously at what he could see of the fatal weapon. To him it appeared to be a carving knife; not a large one—a small steak or game carver. It was driven in almost to the handle, and had pierced the black ribbon as it entered the flesh.

At last he felt of one hand. It was still warm, though not with a lifelike warmth.

"Don't you touch him!" came a sudden, peremptory command, and the young man looked up to see Milliken glowering at him in admonition. He knew she was right, so he said nothing, and again stood motionless at his post.

DR. RHODES, arriving, found Milliken on guard, standing, with folded arms, on the front porch, one eye on the body of Austin Eldridge and one on the loiterers on the sidewalk.

The doctor was a quiet, grave man, and, stepping behind the screen, set down his bag and proceeded at once to make an ex-

amination. He knew Milliken and her worth, and his orders were short and terse.

"Go inside and telephone for the police—or tell someone else to do it—and then come back here."

She obeyed, and on her return he demanded: "What do you know about all this?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, sir. But they'll find the beast who did it, won't they?"

"I sincerely hope so. Where are the others?"

"In the house; I sent 'em all in——"

"And quite right, too. I'll go in and speak to Lorry. You stay here."

Dr. Rhodes went into the house and was met in the hall by Louis Mersereau.

"As Austin's brother-in-law, I shall assume authority," said Mersereau, a little pompously. "Lorraine is utterly unstrung, and my wife is unfitted for any business of this sort. It's a dreadful thing, Dr. Rhodes."

"Yes, a terrible thing," the doctor assented briefly. "Do you know any details of the actual crime?"

"You say crime very quickly, Dr. Rhodes. Are you quite sure it was not suicide?"

"Certain. The nature and method of the stabbing entirely precludes all such possibility. Where is Lorraine? I must speak to her."

And the doctor went on into the house.

AND then the police came. Coroner Bennett, as county medical examiner, learned the truth from the briefest examination.

"No uncertainty here," he said to Detective Sergeant Stiles, who was with him. "Somebody drove that knife in with one swift, deft, well aimed blow, and death was instantaneous. Whoever did it was sure of himself, sure of his intent, and mighty sure of his aim. But right here, in broad daylight—it's incredible! Where's the family?" He turned to Milliken.

"In the dining room, sir. You want to see them?"

"Of course I do. But not out here. Call Dr. Rhodes out."

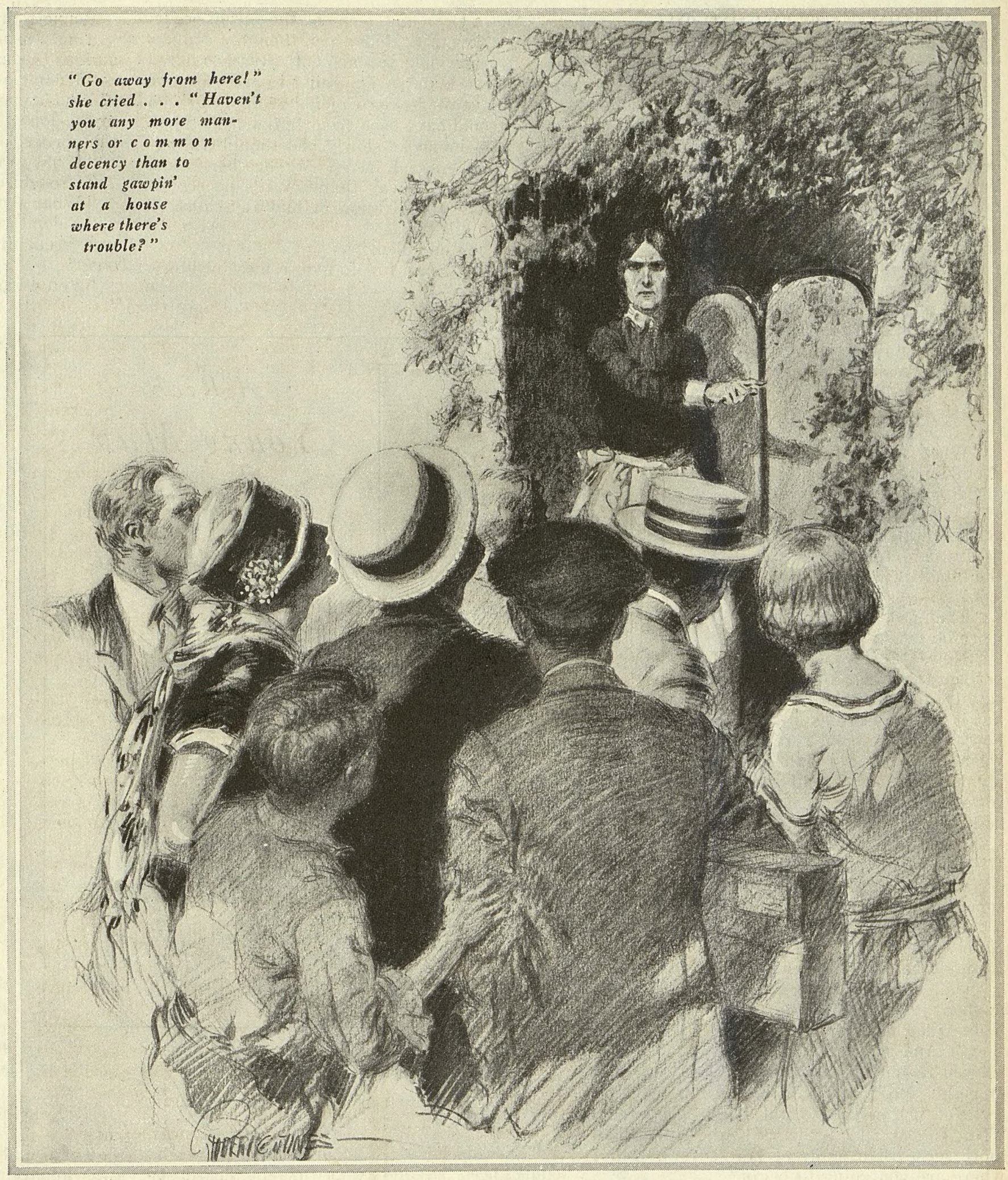
The two doctors conferred and concluded to take the body inside the house at once.

"And get men to patrol the place," Bennett directed Stiles. "Send for the ones you want, and have the street guarded and the lawn—why, it will have to be roped off, I should say."

"I'll see to it." Stiles nodded, and went to the telephone.

And then, borne by the reverent hands of the young men present, and the doctors, the body of Austin Eldridge was carried in and laid on a couch in his own library.

Detective Sergeant Stiles hastened back to the coroner's side.



"Go away from here!" she cried . . . "Haven't you any more manners or common decency than to stand gawpin' at a house where there's trouble?"

"Take out the knife mighty careful, Doc," he said. "Finger prints on that is about our only chance. This is a funny case—I don't get it at all."

"Pretty early in the game to get anything, Stiles," the coroner said grimly. "But I'll watch out for the knife, all right. You go out there and look for footprints before things get trampled."

"Yes, I'm going to." And Stiles returned to the porch, where he searched diligently.

It was a hard case, this first assignment of his. He stared hard at the chair in which Austin Eldridge had sat.

It was a large armchair, of fine wicker work, with a pocketlike receptacle on either arm, which contained only a couple of books, a newspaper, and a half emptied box of cigarets. Nothing of importance there. Of course, there was the knife. That would be—*must* be—a definite clew.

He went into the library to find the two doctors and Milliken discussing the knife. Stiles looked at it without touching it.

The handle was about four inches long and the blade about six.

It looked to Stiles like a knife of good quality, but of an old-fashioned pattern. Moreover, the blade had been so many times sharpened that it was far less than its original width. This, too, betokened an old knife.

The handle was of bone, polished to look like ivory. This was yellowed, as such handles become, and was joined to the blade by a narrow metal band.

THE great question was whether this knife was part of the kitchen equipment of the Eldridge house or not. Milliken, the omniscient, declared herself unable to say.

"I don't keep track of all the knives in the pantries," she said. "I've other matters to take my mind. Lennox ought to know—or the maids—but I don't. We've white handled steel knives, lots of 'em, but if that matches 'em I don't know. It might and it mightn't."

"Send for Lennox," said the coroner, curtly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

"and while you're about it, get all the servants together. I'll ask them some questions before I inquire of the family."

Mersereau was present now, and he nodded his head in agreement with this.

"That's good," he approved. "Leave the family in peace as long as you can. My wife has somewhat pulled herself together, but Lorraine is almost in hysterics."

"I'll go to her," said Dr. Rhodes hastily, and left the room.

Lennox appeared, and, being shown the knife, declared he had never seen it before.

"It's a common enough knife," he said, eyeing it fearfully, for it was still stained with the life blood of Austin Eldridge, "but it ain't ours."

Essie, the maid, however, held that it was.

"What does Lennox know about knives?" she said, with a disdainful toss of her head. "He only has to do with the table silver and cutlery. He has his own pantry carvers, and he never sees the kitchen things—not to notice 'em."

"That's so," said Milliken, "no more he don't."

"Now," Essie went on, "I'll *bet* you that's our knife. I don't say I remember it positively—but it just seems like ours. And how would it get here if it wasn't? Whoever killed poor Mr. Eldridge never went and borrowed a knife from a neighbor to do it with! Sure's it's our knife."

"Don't talk so much, Essie," Milliken admonished. "You can't do any good and you may do somebody harm."

"Who, for instance?" said Stiles, quickly. "To whom could Essie do harm by her chatter?"

"Oh, Lord, I ain't meaning anybody in particular. But somebody killed Mr. Eldridge, didn't they? And you police won't rest till you fasten the crime on somebody—wrong or right. So, I say, babblin' does no good."

"Not bad advice," said Louis Mersereau. "Not bad at all. I always said Milliken had more sense than many of her betters. Now, where are you going to begin?"

"With you," said Bennett, turning on him suddenly. "Tell me all you know about the whole affair."

"Don't know a thing." And Mersereau looked blank.

"Where were you at the time of the stabbing?"

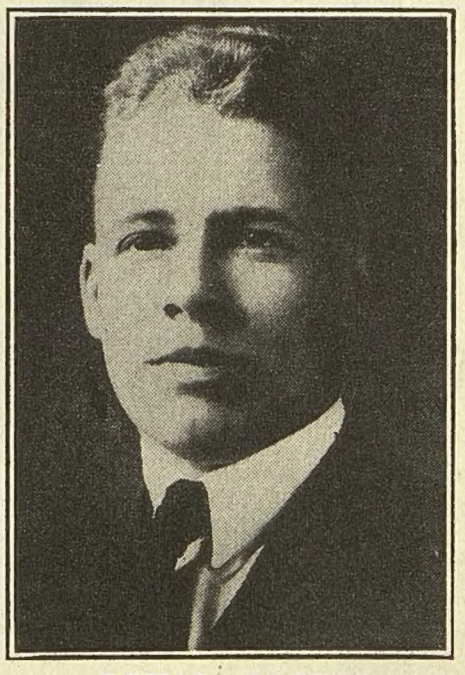
"My wife and I had been sitting on the south porch for more than an hour. As you know, this house faces west—it has its back to the ocean. Well, the side porch on the south is inclosed—a sort of sun parlor, you know—and we were sitting there when the luncheon gong sounded. So we got up from our chairs and went to the front porch to go in at the front door, and, as it happened, the others were all there, so that I was the last of the crowd. The last, that is, but Austin. When he didn't rise I called out, 'Come on, Austin,' or something like that, and, as he still didn't move, I turned toward him, and I saw—my God, I shall never forget it!—I saw that knife sticking out of his breast! And, in a moment, it was all excitement and confusion. That, Mr. Coroner, is all I know about it."

"And a clear statement of the actual occurrence. Now, Mr. Mersereau, though a connection by marriage, you are not actually related to the dead man, so I'm going to ask you first if you have the least suspicion of anybody who was or could have been the criminal?"

"No"—he spoke slowly and thoughtfully—"no, I can't say I have. My brother-in-law had enemies—I'll say that, for it's no secret. But not one that I know of had any cause or reason to kill him."

"Yet he was killed."

"He was. And in—to me—a most mysterious manner."



ROYAL BROWN

A Rich Young Man and a Pretty Head Nurse

He never had seen her. But her strict hospital discipline was causing him endless trouble—so he sent for her to bawl her out. She came. He took one look—decided to substitute flowers for fulminations—and then the trouble started! She wasn't going to flirt with any patients—he thought her more charming every time she sent back a gift—and from that start events moved faster and faster to a smashing climax in the story called

All the Symptons But One

by Royal Brown, in the next issue of Liberty. Watch for this swift-moving story of plot and counterplot, with a great hospital as background—on the news stands next Wednesday!

CHAPTER IV.

A CROWD OF WITNESSES.

GRANT MAXWELL was questioned next, and disclaimed all knowledge of the circumstances, saying that, when he heard the gong sound, he was in the bathroom, making himself tidy after a tennis game.

"I was wiping my hands," he said, meticulously, "on a dinky little towel with blue initials sewed on it. I slung it under the washstand—it's probably there yet—and hurried downstairs, for I knew how Mr. Eldridge got annoyed if anybody was late to meals. I was half way downstairs when I heard a sort of commotion on the front porch——"

"What sort of commotion?"

"Why—like frightened murmurs and exclamations—no loud voices or outcries, but people stepping about and whispering. Well, it was only a moment before I was out there myself, and saw that Mr. Eldridge was dead——"

"You knew he was dead at once?"

"I think I should have known, but, anyway, Kennedy grabbed my arm and said, 'He's dead!' And then I looked for myself, and I felt sure he was. Then Milliken came out and she ordered me to stand guard over the body while she tended to some things in the house, and so I did, until she came back."

Bennett turned to Tom Kennedy.

Tom's usually laughing face was not only serious but awestruck.

"I don't get it," he exclaimed, before Bennett had time to question him. "It's the most mysterious thing! There I was, just around the corner, on the north porch."

"What were you doing?" Bennett broke in.

"Grouching."

"What about?"

"I don't see how that affects this case. I was grouching about private troubles of my own."

"You were waiting for the gong to sound?"

"Yes, I was."

"Why were you not on the front porch with Miss Eldridge and her father?"

"Because—well, that is—for no reason in especial."

"Yes, there was a reason. Was it not because Miss Eldridge and her father were quarreling?"

"I heard no word they said——"

"Yet they were quarreling——"

"If they were I didn't know it, and I don't know why you assume it."

"You know well enough, and you know what they quarreled about." Bennett paused—an ominous pause. "You can tell more, Mr. Kennedy. Go on, please. When the gong sounded what did you do and what did you see?"

"I came round the corner to the front porch, and I saw Miss Eldridge rise from the hammock and I heard her say, 'Come, Father; lunch is ready.' And then, as she looked toward him, I saw her face change, she gave a little gasp of horror, and then Mr. and Mrs. Mersereau came in sight, and Grant Maxwell came running out from the hall, and in a moment all was excitement and confusion. I can't describe the scene more definitely, I'm afraid."

"That will do. The reports all agree perfectly. Lennox, I'll ask you a few questions, now."

The usually serene and imperturbable butler was apparently panic-stricken. He wriggled nervously and stood at attention, but with a scared, anxious face and twitching muscles.

"You, of course, saw or heard nothing unusual until you learned of the excitement out on the porch?" Bennett said calmly.

"No, sir. I was in the dining room—and in and out of the pantry, sir."

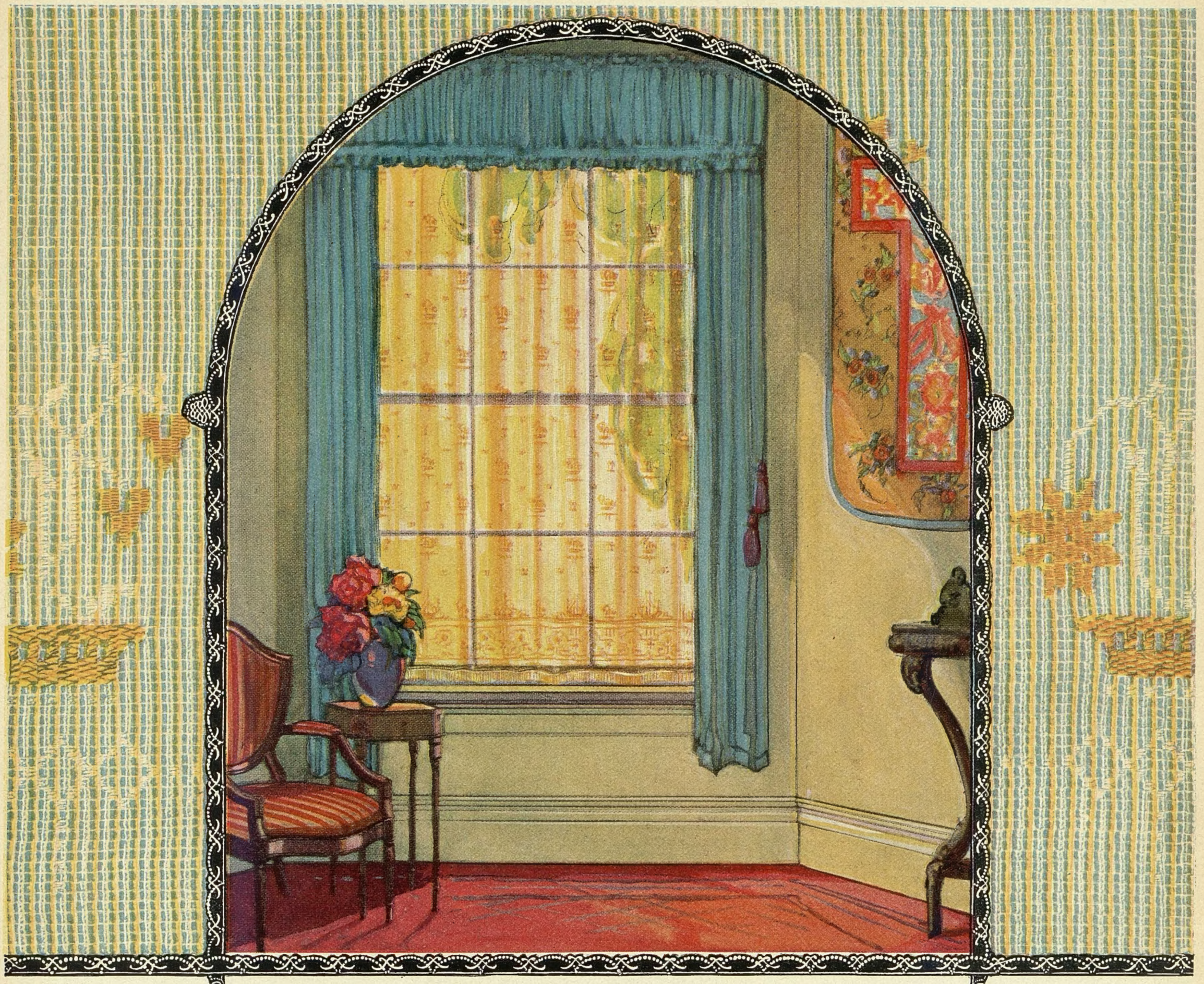
"I see. And did you glance out of the windows at all?"

"No, sir; I had all my mind on my work."

"Ah, yes, of course, Lennox. And who do you think killed your master?"

The question took everyone by surprise. It was so unexpected, so sudden, that all were startled.

Strand by strand, a binding web of evidence tightens about one of the members of the Eldridge household. It seems incredible that that person could be the murderer—yet this horrible suspicion appears the only justifiable one. How all deductions lead to this conclusion is told in the third breath-taking installment of this story of an incredible crime. Watch for it in next week's issue.



Chosen by the Princess

TRUE beauty speaks no one language—it has a cosmopolitan, a universal appeal.

When the Princess Xenia Shahovskaja looked at curtains for her New York home, she doubtless thought in Russian—but she chose in American . . . She chose as the Duchesse de Richelieu chose, as Mrs. Lydig Hoyt chose, as Mrs. Charles Lewis Tiffany, Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, Mrs. E. R. Thomas, Mrs. F. A. De Peyster, Miss Billie Burke, Miss Mae Murray, Miss Ina Claire, and Miss Madge Kennedy all chose—Quaker Lace.

For Quaker Lace reflects a *correctness* and a true beauty attractive to people of taste.

You will find a Quaker design that will emphasize the beauty of your home, as Quaker Curtains come in hundreds of patterns, at dozens of prices, but only one quality—the best. And you'll be as pleased with Quaker Curtains in seasons to come as the day you buy them; because they will not stretch or tear or shrink or fade, but will hang always with the same trim smartness which distinguishes them from other curtains . . . Yet they cost no more.

Write for helpful booklet on Window Draperies. Free if you mention the name of your dealer. Otherwise enclose ten cents.

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Mrs. Marshall Field urges women to give their skin the wisest care

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs Marshall Field

PERHAPS it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat or a returned explorer; almost surely some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a *salon* as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

Urges women to take care of their beauty

It is from the crown of this full, interesting and sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to take the proper—and regular—care of her skin.

The society woman learned long ago that she could not neglect the two fundamental needs of the skin if she wanted her complexion to remain exquisite. And so she learned to depend on just two creams that were perfected to answer these two great needs—the rejuvenating cleansing, and the delicate but sure protection and finish every normal skin demands.

How exquisite women keep their youth

A thorough cleansing every night. For this, use Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it generously on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, purifying them and ridding them of the excess oil and powder, the dust and dirt they have been collecting all day. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. Smooth the cream on a second time and wipe it off again. When you look at the cloth, you simply won't believe all this dust and dirt could have come from your own skin. But now look at your cheeks. How soft and smooth they are, how clear and fresh looking. Above all how exquisitely clean.

This charming and distinguished room in Mrs. Field's Washington home contains her famous collection of jade, a glimpse of which may be caught on the console near the lamp

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. It gives you just the finish and protection you need—a becoming pearly tone—and is so very *restful* to your skin! And how much longer it makes the powder cling! And when you go out, this light cream under your powder protects your complexion from the drying, coarsening effects of wind and cold.

The famous Pond's method—the method Mrs. Field recommends—is suited to every type of skin. If your skin is very oily or clogged it needs a particularly deep, purifying cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. For a very dry skin Pond's Cold Cream should be used for the morning as well as the nightly cleansing and a little allowed to remain on overnight.

These cleansings should be supplemented by Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day—it keeps your skin so smooth and soft.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are using to achieve the clear skin Mrs. Marshall Field bids them have. Try it yourself today. See how gratefully your skin responds. The Pond's Extract Co.

THE DAILY USE OF POND'S TWO CREAMS KEEPS THE SKIN YOUTHFULLY SUPPLE AND EXQUISITELY PROTECTED

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THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
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are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

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